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HUSTLER parody. This is not a real ad. It is a goof on the ad campaign for the USA Network's *Fairly Legal*. We're not sure what the program is about, but frankly, we don't care. We're sick of seeing lawyers on television. Would it kill the networks to break some new ground? How about something fresh, like a show about cops? Or doctors? Or, fuck it, maybe they should just bring back *ALF*. Actually, isn't that Alf between those legs?



"Three hundred bucks! Christ, I don't want to buy your pussy; I just want to rent it!"



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THE PROBLEM WITH GUNS

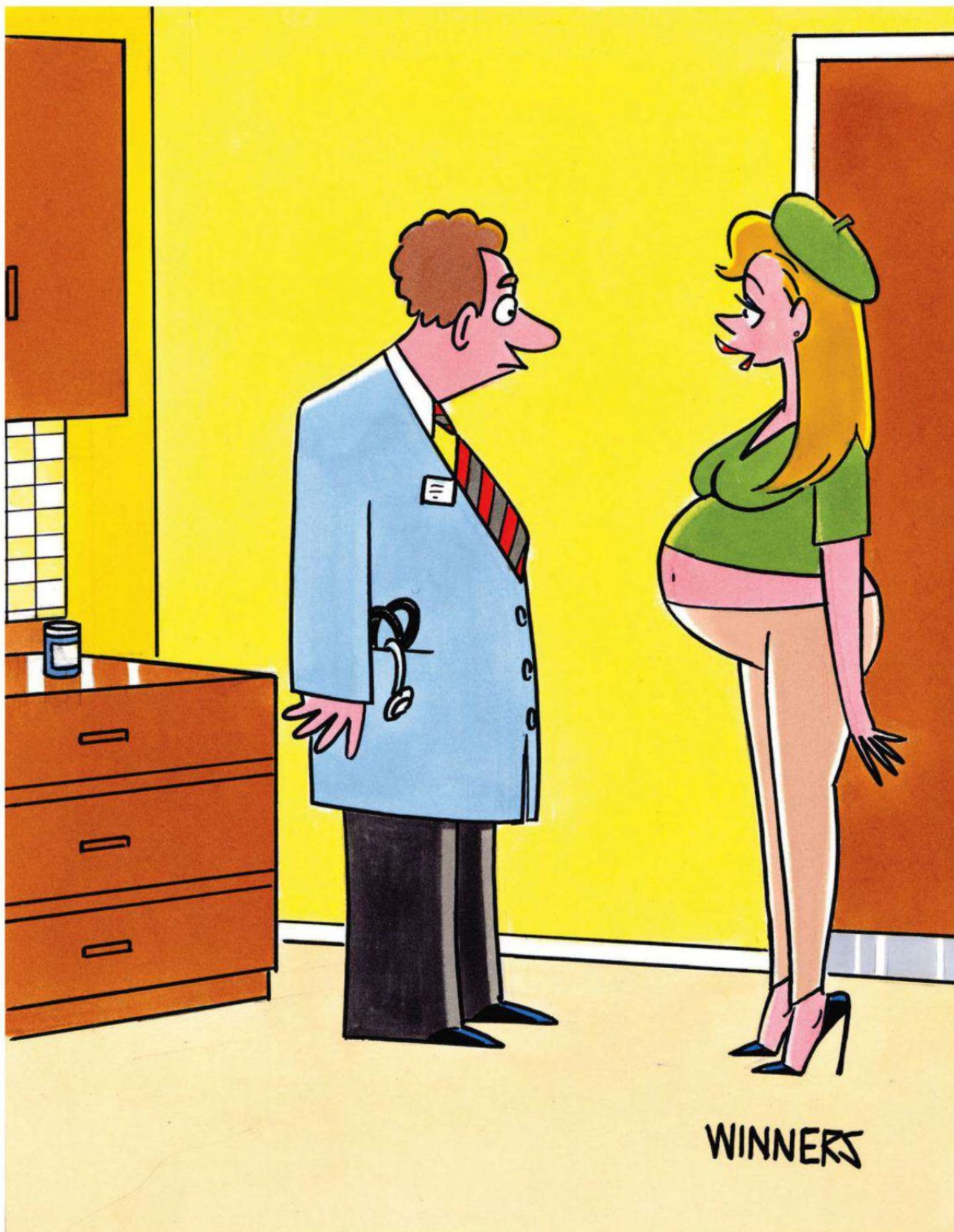
People who know my history might be surprised that I am not antigun. However, I do have some concerns on the subject.

The right wing says guns don't kill people; people do. That's bullshit. People *with* guns kill people. On the left the basic argument is that only the Army and law enforcement should have guns. That's bullshit too, although obviously not *all* people should have *all* kinds of weapons. For example, most of us would agree that bazookas and rocket launchers are off the table for the average citizen. And that the mentally ill should not have guns at all.

The argument gets a little trickier when it

comes to things like extended clips. I'm against them, but I might soften my position if we're really having a serious debate. So far, however, the Republicans and the NRA have shown no interest in addressing the problem of the mentally ill possessing firearms. Until they do, I'll maintain my anticlip position.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



"I just don't understand it, Doctor. All of a sudden I started gaining weight!"

UNDERCOVER COVER-UP



You are an international spy whose name has been replaced by numerical digits. You've been entrusted to keep America safe from evil foreign enemies, but all your suits are at the dry cleaners. No worries. Just put on an **Electronic Spy Camera T-shirt**, which bears a cool, retro James Bondesque image, and you can capture up to 150 digital images at 640 X 480 resolution through a hidden camera. The camera can then be easily disconnected so you can wash the shirt and download the covert images to your computer via a USB cord. AAA batteries and hot chick not included.

Available at ThinkGeek.com. Suggested retail price: \$39.99.

REMOTE CONTROL ZOMBIE

There are plenty of remote control cars, motorcycles and planes out there, but only one **RC Zombie**. Thankfully the **RC** stands for "remote control" and not "rotting corpse." The walking dead plaything stands almost eight inches tall and runs on three AAA batteries. Use the brain-shaped controller to make your zombie trudge forward, moaning and groaning all the way. Fun with the undead! Who knew?

Available at ThinkGeek.com. Suggested retail price: \$24.99.



BACK TO THE FUTURE MINI DELOREAN

Ever since we saw Doc Brown's tricked-out DeLorean DMC-12 in the *Back to the Future* movie series, we wanted one. Now it's possible to finally own that slick time-traveling machine—well, a 1/12th model of it at least. This 14-inch-long replica comes complete with fully functional gull wing doors, built-in sound and a brushed stainless steel-looking finish. Get ready to fire up the flux capacitor and head

for the future. Just watch out for those Libyan terrorists!

Available at ThinkGeek.com. Suggested retail price: \$39.99.



R2D2 PEPPER MILL & TRASH CANS



You call yourself a *Star Wars* fan? Sure, you have the original mail-away figure box and every action figure, vehicle and playset ever made.

But do you have these, the latest R2D2 officially licensed items? First the **R2D2 pepper mill**, which is guaranteed to add a little droid to your dinner. Then there's the **R2D2 trash can**. Offered in both full and desktop sizes, it's the perfect receptacle for all your action figures' discarded packaging. Oh, that's right. You've kept all your *Star Wars* items in mint condition by

never pulling them out of the box. Man, you *are* a geek!

Available at ThinkGeek.com. Suggested retail prices: pepper mill, \$19.99; trash can, \$99.99.

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For your chance to win a Think Geek gift pack, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: Think Geek Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

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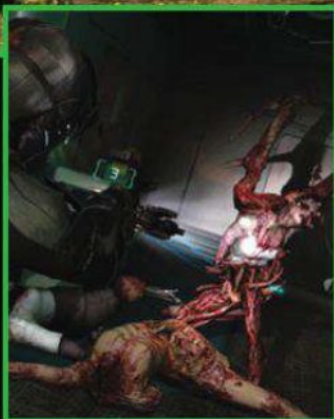
Beat It

Michael Jackson: The Experience

Ubisoft

Wii, DS, Xbox 360, PS3, PSP

Wanna be the King of Pop? No, not now that he's dead. We mean back when Michael Jackson was at the top of his game, dancing in all those breakthrough videos. You do? Then this game is for you! **Michael Jackson: The Experience** lets you relive the magic and dance your ass off to the songs that made him a household name. Whether it's "Billie Jean," "Bad" or "Thriller" (plus a dozen or so more), you are the King of Pop moonwalking your way through his greatest hits. Now that you're Michael, do us a favor. Tell Bubbles we said hello.



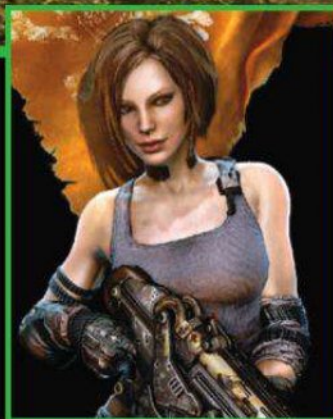
Intergalactic Horror

Dead Space 2

EA

Xbox 360, PS3, PC

The first *Dead Space* game found you playing Isaac Clarke, an intergalactic explorer trapped on one of Saturn's moons during the outbreak of a mysterious disease that was turning everyone into undead monsters. So why should **Dead Space 2** be any different? Again you must battle the zombies as well as the voices in your head while trying to survive this epic horror. One tip: Watch out for Nicole. Sure, she's sexy on the outside, but the inside? That's a different story altogether.



A Hard Rain

Bulletstorm

EA

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

Welcome to the futuristic planet Stygia, an orb rife with civil war and hordes of flesh-eating mutants. You are Grayson Hunt, one of the peacekeepers sent to calm the rumblings. Too bad the man who sent you here has different plans. Now it's up to you and your pal Ishi Sato to survive the kill-or-be-killed proceedings in **Bulletstorm**. This totally immersive shoot-'em-up features over-the-top blood-soaked action that goes far beyond most first-person shooters.



Big Screen Bondage

007: Blood Stone

Activision

PS3, Xbox 360, DS, PC

Many games have been based on Ian Fleming's superagent James Bond, but **007: Blood Stone** surpasses them all. Not only does the cinematic adventure allow players to experience the brutal style of Daniel Craig's Bond through hand-to-hand combat and tactical shooting, but it also offers some of the most aggressive driving ever seen in a 007 game. There's a fleet of cool vehicles! And get this: Craig and Judi Dench, who plays M in the film franchise, provide the voices. This Bond is on! 🎮

FORECLOSING THE AMERICAN DREAM

OBAMA PROPOSES KILLING FEDERAL AGENCIES THAT PROVIDE LOW-INTEREST MORTGAGES IN FAVOR OF PRIVATE BANKS.

The idea that your home is your castle has deep roots in the history of human liberation, and owning your own home, providing an inviolable sanctuary for the family, is a cherished aspect of the American Dream. Your turf, protected by the Constitution from official intrusion, has been key to the notion of a democracy of middle-class stakeholders supported by various government programs going back to the Founders. Not being beholden to the whims of an oppressive landlord, possessing a property deed and buying out the mortgage is a critical enterprise in preserving freedom. That enterprise is now under frontal assault from the Obama Administration.

According to a 31-page policy statement issued in February 2011, the administration is abandoning the government's time-hon-

ored role in helping Americans achieve home ownership by underwriting low-interest mortgages through the government-sponsored agencies Freddie Mac and Fannie Mae. Now President Barack Obama proposes to turn over the entire mortgage industry to the same private banks that sabotaged the American ideal of a nation of stakeholders by "securitizing" our homesteads into poker chips to be gambled away in the Wall Street casino. Instead of punishing those banks, which forced 50 million people into foreclosure or deeply under water on their mortgages, he wants to reward them.

The proposal was originated by Treasury Secretary Timothy Geithner and involves nothing less than a total "winding down" of the nearly 80-year-old federal housing program, setting instead a new goal of a two-tiered America in which the masses are content to be mere renters of the American Dream. Such a deal for a country where, as the report concedes, "half of all renters spend more than a third of their income on housing,

and a quarter spend more than half." This is the same Geithner who during his tenure in the Clinton Treasury Department championed the total deregulation of the then-emerging market in collateralized debt obligations. As a result, people's home mortgages were sliced and diced into the toxic securities that created what Geithner's new report calls the greatest economic crisis since the Great Depression. Later, as president of the New York Fed, Geithner cheered on the banks as they went hog-wild, conning folks into buying homes they couldn't afford and stuffing them into the incomprehensible securities that form the rot at the core of our bankrupt economy.

This is a made-in-the-U.S. nightmare that we inflicted on the world, thanks to an explosion in those toxic securities brought on by

This is a made-in-the-U.S. nightmare that we inflicted on the world, thanks to an explosion in those toxic securities brought on by the deregulation that most of the Obama economic brain trust supported when they worked for President Bill Clinton.

the deregulation that most of the Obama economic brain trust supported when they worked for President Bill Clinton and during the ensuing bubble years when they enriched themselves. As the report admits: "The U.S. is...the only high-income country in which securitization plays a major role in housing finance."

Yet instead of ending that practice, Obama now calls for more of the same: "The administration believes the securitization market should continue to play a key role in housing finance." Indeed, the plan's goal of eliminating Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac will dry up the alternative public funding that has provided a source of mortgage support ever since President Franklin Delano Roosevelt launched Fannie Mae to check the power of the banks over mortgages. Now Obama proposes to eliminate that check, leaving would-be homeowners to the tender mercy of the banking giants.

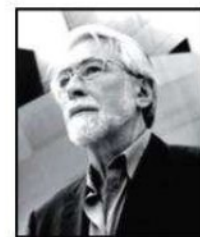
Of course Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac, which had morphed into for-profit enterpris-

es, also bear responsibility for the meltdown. Just as with the Wall Street firms, the massive bonuses paid out to these housing agencies' top executives were contingent on the value of their stock prices, which in turn were fattened by the sale of those same toxic assets. As the Obama report puts it, "Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac's profit-maximizing structure undermined their public mission." What the administration should have proposed is to return the government-sponsored housing agencies to their original function as nonprofit entities supplementing, rather than aping, the practices of greedy bankers.

What Obama neglected to discuss is the demise of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's grand experiment at the hands of Democratic Party hustlers who turned the agencies away from their "original mission" and into their personal piggy banks while getting Democrats in Congress to approve regulations enabling their greed.

The folks around President Obama know this sad tale well because some of them were principal actors in the housing agencies' betrayal of the public trust. Just take the case of Tom Donilon, whom Obama recently appointed to the highly sensitive position of National Security Advisor. It was Donilon who was the top legal counsel and lobbyist for Fannie Mae from 1999 to 2005, a period when the agency went off the tracks in backing Countrywide and other private-sector bandits in their irresponsible ripoff scams.

Donilon, who reportedly received \$10 million in the three years leading up to the scandal of 2004—when Fannie Mae was fined \$400 million for juggling its books to enhance executive bonuses—will never have any trouble financing a home purchase. Not so the tens of millions of Americans who have lost their homes because of Donilon's reprehensible actions and the many more in the future who will be denied government support in trying to get a place of their own.



Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of

Ramparts magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them*. 🐼



"Invite me in or I'm calling the police."

FREE-SPEECH CHAMPION NIXES FBI GRAND JURY

WITH OBAMA'S BLESSINGS, OUTSPOKEN U.S. CITIZENS ARE BEING TARGETED FOR AN INQUISITION BEFITTING A DICTATORSHIP.

Since the twilight of George W. Bush's regime, the FBI has become, like the CIA, a force that doesn't have to pay any attention to the Constitution. While the CIA operates in secrecy, it is public knowledge that the FBI's Domestic Investigations and Operations Guide—now also fully supported by President Obama and his lapdog, Attorney General Eric Holder—gives the bureau the power to open “threat assessment” investigations of any American without any factual basis, suspicion of wrongdoing or connection to any foreign entity. J. Edgar Hoover would be so envious of the present FBI director, Robert Mueller.

Mike German, a former FBI antiterrorism agent now on the staff of the American Civil Liberties Union, points out that these FBI home and office invasions scoop up “address books, computer records, literature and advocacy materials—First Amendment sort of materials.”

On September 24, 2010, in one of its continuous “assessment” raids, the FBI barged into the homes and offices of nonviolent dissenters—antiwar, human rights, labor and other activists—in Chicago, Minneapolis and elsewhere in the Midwest.

These privacy and First Amendment invaders served grand jury subpoenas as they left. One of those summoned, Maureen Murphy (a journalist and advocate of Palestinian solidarity), issued a patriotic defiance of the FBI on **CommonDreams.org**: “Activism Is Not a Crime: Why I Will Not Testify Before This Federal Grand Jury.”

Murphy notes that she was targeted “as part of an investigation into ‘material support for foreign terrorist organizations.’ No crime has been identified. No arrests have been made. And...the FBI acknowledged that there is no immediate threat to the American public. So what is this investigation really about?”

It could only be a synchronized intent by the Obama Administration—like its predecessor—to tamp down dissent of national security policies so that Obama will stay in office. Recovering somewhat from the Democrats' defeats in the midterm elections, this commander in chief clearly plans to preside over a second term.

Speaking like a reincarnation of Tom Paine, Murphy refuses to be intimidated: “The U.S. government doesn't need to call me before a grand jury to learn my activities

“The United States is assembling a vast domestic intelligence apparatus to collect information about Americans—using the FBI, local police, state Homeland Security offices and military criminal investigators.”

and my beliefs. I have often appealed to my elected representatives to take a principled stand on foreign-policy issues, protested outside federal buildings and have written countless articles over the years that can be easily found through a Google search.”

Along with Maureen Murphy, 22 other targets of those particular FBI raids were issued grand jury subpoenas last September, and, so far, they too have refused to testify.

Their assertion of quintessential Constitutional Americanism has to be understood by the rest of us in the context of a deep December 10, 2010, *Washington Post* investigative report. “Monitoring America” by Pulitzer Prize-winner Dana Priest, along with William Arkin, has received far too little attention—and no Congressional action!

I write about this report as masses of courageous Egyptian protesters celebrate their removal of longtime dictator Hosni Mubarak by welcoming the arrival of long-dreamed-of democracy.

Consider, however, the state of our own democracy as documented in “Monitoring America”: “The United States is assembling a vast domestic intelligence apparatus to collect information about Americans, using the

FBI, local police, state Homeland Security offices and military criminal investigators.

“The system, by far the largest and most technologically sophisticated in the nation's history, collects, stores and analyzes information about thousands of U.S. citizens and residents, many of whom have not been accused of any wrongdoing. The government's goal is to have every state and local law enforcement agency in the country feed information to Washington to buttress the work of the FBI, which is in charge of terrorism investigations in the United States.” The Fourth Amendment to the Bill of Rights has been extrajudicially suspended.

Would Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin and the other Founders recognize this as the United States? Do you? And did you know what Maureen Murphy eagerly discloses: “Witnesses called to testify to a grand jury have no right to have a lawyer in the room, and the jury is handpicked by government prosecutors with no screening for bias. It is the ultimate abuse of power for a citizen to be forced to account to the government for no other reason than her exercise of Constitutionally protected freedoms of speech and association.”

This unintimidated American pledges that “even though it means I risk being jailed for the life of the grand jury, I will not be appearing before it.”

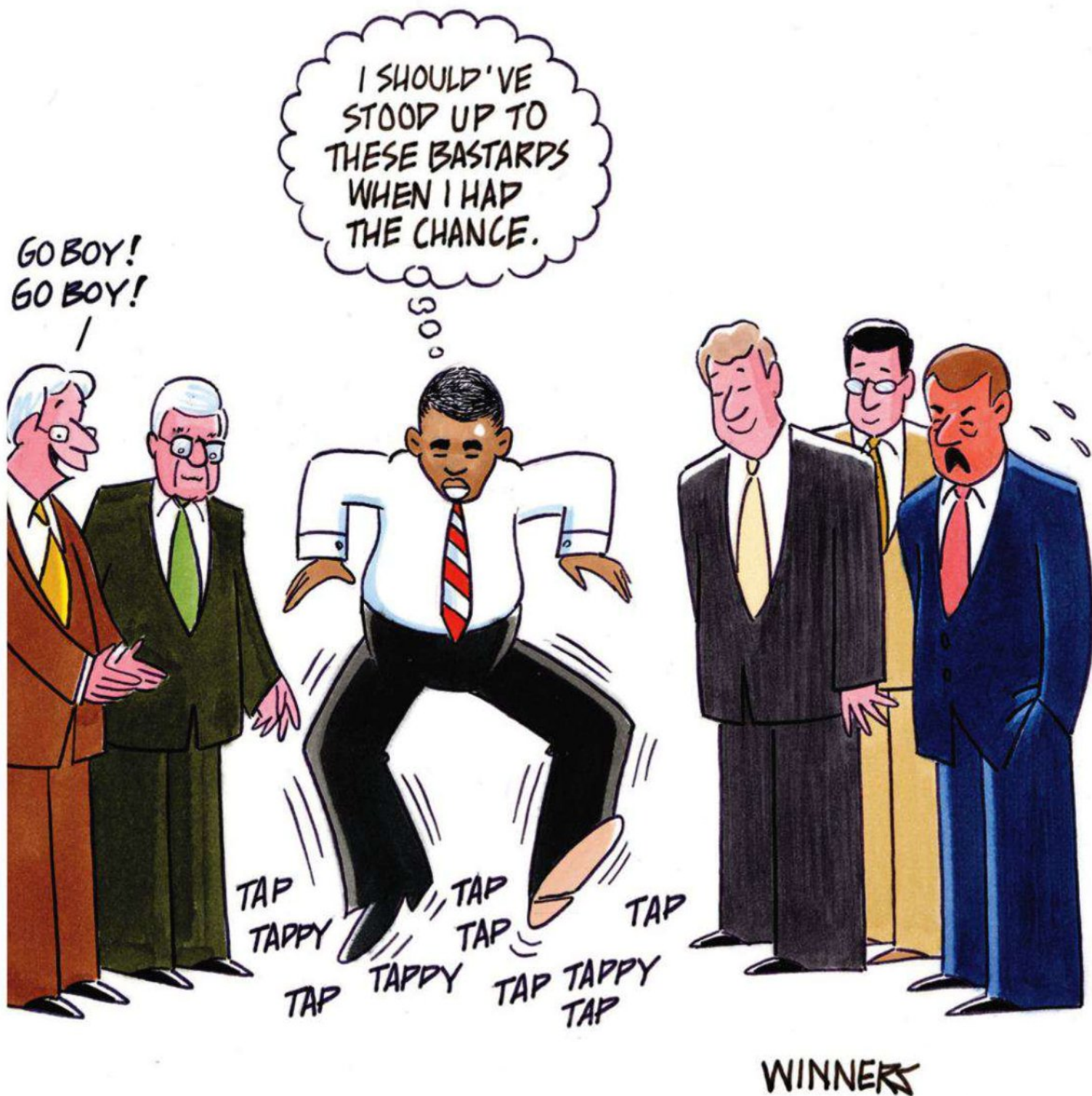
Will the President, now seeking reelection in 2012, award Murphy—and her fellow resisters to grand jury subpoenas—the Presidential Liberty Medal? You can be sure that Barack Obama will not. Egyptians went out to the streets in waves of historic numbers to be free. How free of government spying on us are we citizens of the United States of America? Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black warned us: “We must not be afraid to be free.”

At the conclusion of the 1787 Constitutional Convention, Benjamin Franklin was asked by a newly minted American, “What have you given us?”

“A republic,” Franklin answered, “if you can keep it.” We are fast losing our grip.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*





Obama entertains his new Republican friends.

CHURNING THE NEWS INTO BUTTER

SOMETIMES, DESPITE EVERYTHING, FOX GETS IT RIGHT.

Every couple of weeks I take the New York subway to Queens to spend the afternoon with my friend Shecky. We usually sit and talk about our mutual interest in media, but a few months back our discussion was interrupted by events on TV. Congresswoman Gabrielle Giffords (D-Arizona) had been shot in the head at a gathering she'd been holding outside a Tucson supermarket, and many others were dead or dying.

We were shocked, but even more disturbing was the media coverage. It was a Saturday, and most of the cable networks had their B-teams in play because the big guns don't think news breaks on weekends.

Our first choice was CNN. Years of habit have conditioned me to believe it's still a laudable news organization. We found a weekend stooge at the anchor desk spewing out nothing but rumor and speculation. For the several hours we monitored CNN, none of the network's star anchors rushed in to lend a hand.

First bad rumor: Without any verification, CNN pronounced Giffords dead when in fact she was very much alive. Turns out her husband, astronaut Mark Kelly, heard this news en route from Houston to her bedside. He was understandably devastated. But after arriving in Tucson, Kelly learned that his wife was still alive and apparently alert. He had been put through hell because of CNN's desire to lead the pack.

Next came the speculation: Who was the gunman? CNN said it was a former Afghanistan War vet. Again total speculation and, as it turned out, massively wrong. The B-Team was going horribly off target in the hope of getting a "well done" from their honchos on Monday morning. And still the so-called A-Team was nowhere in sight.

Since CNN's news handjob wasn't getting us off, Shecky and I did the unthinkable—clicking over to Fox. Would we find yet another weekend idiot propagandizing the Fox gospel? Actually, no. We found Fox star Shepard Smith, who'd come in on his day off when he heard about the shooting. Even

more surprising, Smith wasn't engaging in speculation. In fact, from time to time he would say that even though other news sources were reporting obvious speculations, he would only report what could be verified.

Fox doing an admirable job covering breaking news? Yes! Even more amazing, Fox had the pros running the show. Meanwhile, over at CNN, its bumbling stooge was still making up the news. Not a pro in sight.

I'd love to throw Fox to the wolves, but in this case it truly owned the story. As the others buzzed around the events in Arizona like flies on shit, Fox acted with restraint. However, the network was responsible for the most ironic announcement of that terrible day: "And now we go to our affiliate in Arizona, K-GUN!"

Just once during a breaking news calamity I'd like to see one of these operations—Fox included—say, "We'll give you more information when there is something to tell you. Now back to our regularly scheduled programming." Instead they keep churning the news until it becomes a morass of rumor and muddy facts.

Somewhere in the world in the days following the Arizona shooting something else of importance must have happened, but we certainly weren't going to hear about it. Every politician who could get air-

time was whoring him- or herself out with "thoughts and prayers." Speaker of the House John Boehner (R-Ohio) was irate, saying "an attack on one was an attack on all," but he didn't shed his trademark tears.

Every rock was turned over except one. During the entire hubbub no one mentioned that Giffords might not be lying in a hospital ICU with a hole in her skull if she wasn't a proponent of gun ownership. The Glock that authorities believe gunned her down was allegedly bought at a nearby sporting goods store. Thanks to the congresswoman's advocacy, the suspected gunman had no trouble laying his hands on one. But the news media wouldn't touch such a "tasteless" question.

We are a nation of hate. Our news churners and talk show hosts stir the pot until it's mean and nasty, all for ratings and money. Add to that the easy availability of firearms, and it becomes a lethal stew. I really had to laugh when, as an aside, Shepard Smith asked, "How could this happen in America?" My answer to Shep: If not here, then where?



Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard on Sirius Left 146 (9 a.m. to noon ET) and XM America Left 167 (midnight to 3 a.m. ET).



"Remind me to blow my brains out when we get home."



"We'll never get into this club if Snooki keeps autographing T-shirts!"

MOB MOLL MEMOIRS

WHAT BUDDING STARLET COULD PASS UP A DEBONAIR, TRIGGER-HAPPY ROMEO?

"You can go a long way with a smile. You can go a lot farther with a smile and a gun."
—Al Capone

I admit to having a soft spot for gangsters. For as long as I can remember, I rooted for the gangsters in movies. They were handsome, romantic characters living life on the high side and shooting up anyone who got in their way. If they were bad guys who killed people, at least they mostly killed other bad guys.

I've always been attracted to the real-life mob guys too, and they have always been attracted to me. Make no mistake: The difference between gangsters in the movies and gangsters in real life is the difference between a lightning bug and lightning.

In Los Angeles I had hung around with Mickey Cohen, who ran the rackets there and created the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas with Bugsy Siegel. I dated one of Mickey's young "enforcers" who called himself Johnny Valentine. His real name was Johnny Stompanato, and he would become infamous as Lana Turner's abusive boyfriend. During a fight with Lana, Johnny was killed with a butcher knife by Lana's daughter, Cheryl Crane.

A few years before Universal Studios created Mamie Van Doren, I was a singer named Joanie Olander. I was the darling of the Mob in a freewheeling and sinful little Nevada town, where what happened in Las Vegas stayed in Las Vegas, and the bodies were buried in the desert. Often I was on the arm of "Nick the Greek" Dandolos—a gambler who never bet against the house—and occasionally at the crap tables with "Russian Louie" Strauss. However, the most notorious and important gangster in my life then was a cousin of Al Capone.

I was 16, sunning myself by the pool at the Flamingo Hotel, when I met Charlie Fischetti. He was tanned and handsome in white tennis shorts, with dark, piercing

eyes and a charming smile. He asked me to go to the fights that night. I went even though he was known as "Trigger-Happy Charlie" in the organized-crime world. It was dangerous to even be around Charlie, but I didn't care. It was the beginning of an affair that lasted for more than a year. I saw Charlie throughout that summer in Vegas, and I visited him in Chicago before I went to New York and Broadway in *Billion Dollar Baby*.

Toward the end of my sojourn in New York, Charlie invited me to Bimini, where we could cruise on his yacht the *Blonde Witch*. As I was packing to go, I heard the news on the radio that Charlie Fischetti had died suddenly of a heart attack. [Editor's Note: Fischetti died just nine days after he surrendered to government officials who wanted him to testify at Senator Estes Kefauver's hearings on organized crime.] It was a devastating moment, but it became a turning point in my life. If I was serious about a career in movies, it was time to get to work as an actress instead of playing at being a mob moll.

While recently watching a documentary on John Gotti, the capo de capo of the New York Cosa Nostra, I was reminded of a gig I played in South Florida some years ago. I was booked for a nightclub engagement at the Diplomat Hotel on my birthday. When I entered the dining room after my show, the manager and staff sang "Happy Birthday" to me. I was having my dinner alone when the waiter brought a bottle of Dom Perignon champagne. He told me it was from the corner booth.

I acknowledged the group, and the man who was the focus of attention at the table—good-looking, with dark hair and a black leather jacket—waved me over. He introduced himself as "John" and asked me to join them, though a young blonde next to him was obviously his date. I declined, and we chatted for a few moments before I went back to my table. After their



PHOTO BY JULIE STRAIN

party broke up, the waiter brought an envelope to my table that contained a room key and a note: "Call me. Ask for Code Blue."

I read the note again and sipped the champagne. I did not know who this "John" was at the time, though from the deference paid to him by his companions and the hotel staff, and this being South Florida, I knew he was likely some kind of Mafia don. I was a little tipsy, and a part of me was up for some adventure. After all, it was my birthday. A younger Mamie, or the pre-Mamie Joanie, would have most certainly gone without hesitation, but this more experienced Mamie carefully weighed the pros and cons.


I went to my room and called the hotel operator. "Who is Code Blue?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that, Miss Van Doren, but since you already have the code, do you want me to connect you?"

I turned the note over in my fingers for a moment, asking myself just how much of an adventure I really wanted. After a few moments of silence the operator asked again, "Shall I connect you?"

"No, thanks."



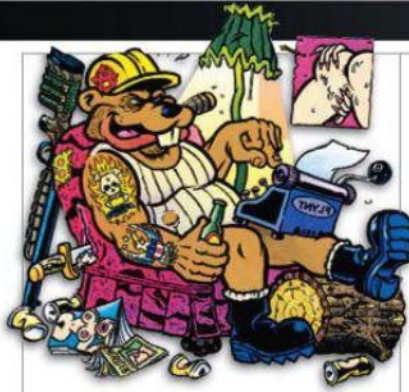
Mamie Van Doren, who starred in such films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*, chronicles her amazing life at MamieVanDoren.com. 

**DOUBLE
FEATURE!**

HUSTLER invites you to
the **movies**



HustlerHollywood.com



Shits & Giggles

Every month, HUSTLER provides us with Piece of Shit Award winner Timothy Geithner [*Bits & Pieces*], as if your readers need to be reminded. We know. We're the people paying for Mr. Geithner's friends and fuckups.

Instead of making your readers pay to look at this asshole's picture each and every month, maybe you could send his picture to Barack Obama, the person who hired him. While you're at it, send it to every congressperson and senator in the country. And include a picture of Morianna Morgue [*Beaver Hunt*, November '10]. I bet they'll get just as sick of looking at that little flat-chested twit in clown makeup.

Maybe if they had to look at Geithner and Morianna long enough, they might pressure Obama to fire Geithner and give his job to Morianna.

—Harvey Schwartzmeyer
North Collins, New York

We agree that Morianna Morgue or just about any U.S. citizen would make a better Treasury secretary than Timothy Geithner. However, you are the first reader ever to disparage the Insane Clown Posse acolyte (explaining her Halloween-time clown makeup). We've invited the popular Beaver and loyal HUSTLER reader back. Look for her on page 138.

On the Rag

I'd like to say a big thanks for interviewing two members of Testament [*Sights & Sounds*, February '11]. You have, in my opin-

ion, a great magazine with the balls to do things the way I like them done!

I've been into metal music for almost 29 years. Your mag makes *Playboy* look like a lame shitrag. Here's why: All the girls do in that mag is pose. (How boring!) You'd think old Hef would get an idea about what the readers of his waste of paper would like to see in that mag in order to improve it, but it's been the same old shit for, what, 55 damn years? It's obvious the people at *Playboy* don't care about their readers.

—Paul Nathan Jr.
Cheektowaga, New York

Pro Sports

I enjoyed your article *The Misadventures of Charlie Sheen* [April '11]. His selection of women is top-shelf, tending to favor the pros who are skilled in the ways of the dick. Only women in the adult-film industry have the stamina to keep a snatchhound like Charlie happy. If they really want to give him rehab, they should send him to the Moonlite BunnyRanch for 30 days!

—Gregory J. Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin

Bragging Rights

I read that article about model Emma Mae not getting laid [*No, Emma Will*, April '11]. If she's really from Wilmington, North Carolina, and hasn't heard of Fort Bragg—home of the famed 82nd Airborne Division—she's not very bright. All beauty and no brains? Hundreds of prime young men are there ready and willing to serve her needs. Emma, get yourself to Fort Bragg!

—William Barnes
Odessa, Texas

I Dare You

I have a suggestion: In the late '80s or early '90s, porn star Barbara Dare did a HUSTLER cover and layout. I think it was a beach scene because I remember sand.



A HUSTLER reader has some enticing advice for our April '11 HUSTLER Honey: North Carolina's illustrated—and sexually frustrated—Emma Mae.

It was one of my all-time favorite issues. Could you feature this layout as one of your HUSTLER Classics?

—M.A.
Russellville, Kentucky

Porn legend Barbara Dare appeared as a beach girl in the September '87 HUSTLER. We will gladly reprise that classic pictorial in a future issue.

People Power

As an American citizen and a believer in democracy, I applaud the efforts of the Egyptian people. The one thing that trumps capitalism and political correctness in the United States is the right to have one's voice heard. This is the foundation of democracy.

It is unfortunate that the U.S. compromised on its most fundamental values in order to protect its economic interests in the Middle East. Now the days of puppet regimes are finally coming to an end; it appears that the desire for freedom will con-

tinue to sweep the Arab nations.

Let the call go forth to all Egyptians that your brothers and sisters of democracy from around the world are with you during every trial and tribulation you may encounter during this crisis. The trumpet of freedom beckons you to rise in protest to preserve your sacred heritage, promote your children's future and obtain the blessings of liberty we all cherish.

As was spoken to an Egyptian pharaoh many years ago (by another enslaved people): Let my people go!

—Joe Bialek
Cleveland, Ohio

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to Hustler@LFP.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

LET'S MAKE PROBLEMS DISAPPEAR. LET'S GO.



Our lives are more hectic than they've ever been. Work, the kids' soccer practices, keeping up with friends. There's so much to do. The last thing anyone wants to worry about is a potential gas shortage. That's why Shell is committed to doing everything in its power to keep the crude flowing and your minivan fueled up. If we have to infiltrate a foreign government and wreak environmental havoc in Nigeria, we're so down for that. So what if we have to pay out \$15.5 million to conceal our involvement in the execution of nonviolent protesters who objected to our raping their land for oil? We're down for that too. Let's go.



HUSTLER PARODY. This is not a real ad. This is a commentary on the conduct of Shell in the Nigerian Delta. When protesters united in the 1990s to oppose Shell, the Nigerian government arrested the movement's leaders. Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight others were hastily tried on dubious charges, found guilty and hanged. Shell settled a lawsuit brought by the victims' families in order to prevent a trial, which would have clarified the company's role in the executions and exposed further details about its allegedly downright evil behavior in the region. For more information, visit EssentialAction.org/Shell/Issues.html. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Justice Thomas, sir! You are a failure, pure and simple. Oh, sure, you've achieved high office and riches far beyond those of other men, but money and power are not the true measure of a man. Honesty, integrity and compassion are. So on that score, sir, you are a total disgrace.

You are a cheat! A sex addict! A liar and a self-hating Negro. You are those things and more. And, with all due respect, we have to wonder about your IQ. But then, you've wondered about that too, haven't you? Nothing came easy for you. You had to really knuckle down to get the grades you got.

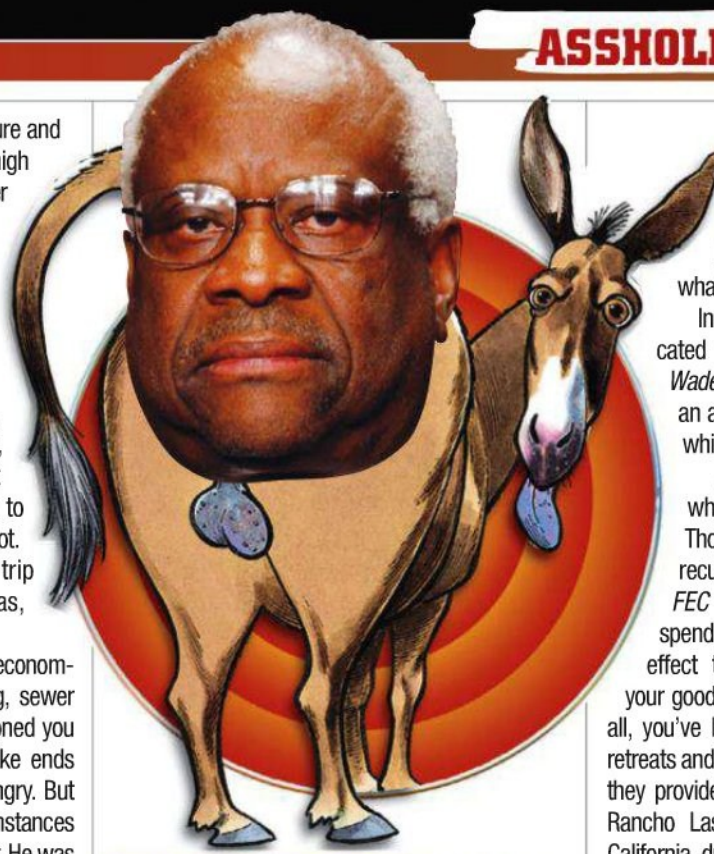
You disagree, sir? Let us take a trip down memory lane. Yes, Justice Thomas, this is your life!

You were born in Pin Point, Georgia, an economic backwater without household plumbing, sewer system or paved roads. Your father abandoned you at age two. Your mother struggled to make ends meet, and you frequently went to bed hungry. But fate interceded at age seven when circumstances forced you to move in with your grandfather. He was the one who taught you the value of hard work and self-reliance. You owe him for that.

Although you did surprisingly well in high school and college, when you graduated from Yale Law School, your grades were, well, lackluster. This prompted law firms where you sought employment to reject you as an affirmative action beneficiary who had been pushed through the system. How that must have rankled you—even though it was, in fact, true.

In 1975 you read *Race and Economics* by Thomas Sowell and *The Fountainhead* by Ayn Rand. These books eventually formed the framework for your legal philosophy and your subsequent contributions to the Reagan Administration while serving in the U.S. Department of Education's Office of Civil Rights and later on the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Yes! You were on your way to the top of your profession. You had proven that self-reliance, determination and a willingness to sell out your fellow man could compensate for a less-than-stellar intellect.

Those were heady days allegedly filled with porn, alcohol and womanizing. At least that's what your former girlfriend Lillian McEwen stated in a CNN online article. She also said that after you finally gave up drinking, you became mean and abusive, espe-



CLARENCE THOMAS

cially toward your son. You are still mean and abusive, but now it's toward working-class Americans.

Other women have come forward with allegations similar to McEwen's, but none stand out as much as Anita Hill, who almost torpedoed your 1991 Supreme Court nomination. She claimed you were guilty of sexual harassment, a notion McEwen finds credible based on your porn addiction. It's ironic that for all your scholarly speeches and judicial decisions, the words you will always be most famous for are, "There's a pubic hair on my Coke can."

You ascended to the Supreme Court despite Ms. Hill's assertions. Finally, after having used affirmative action to climb your way up the ladder of success, you were in a position to pull it up after you. Let's look at some of your Supreme Court decisions:

In *Adarand Constructors v. Peña* and in *Gratz v. Bollinger* you struck hammer blows against equal protection and affirmative action laws that were designed to level the playing field in education and employment for minorities. You sure showed those Yalies what you thought of the help they gave you.

In *Elk Grove Unified School District v. Newdow* and *Cutter v. Wilkinson* you allowed tax-free religious groups to participate politically—in direct

conflict with the Establishment Clause of the Constitution. That's why we now have churches that pooh-poo evolution and that think Earth is only 6,000 years old influencing what's taught in our schools. Nice going.

In *Planned Parenthood v. Casey* you indicated your clear desire to overturn *Roe v. Wade*, which gave women the right to have an abortion. Isn't this the kind of case from which a Catholic should recuse himself?

Recusal is a word that's used a lot when your name comes up, Justice Thomas. For example, shouldn't you have recused yourself from the *Citizens United v. FEC* decision? Allowing corporations to spend as much money as they want—in effect to buy politicians—clearly benefitted your good friends, Charles and David Koch. After all, you've been a paid speaker at their strategy retreats and, based on recently revealed tax returns, they provided you with four days at the exclusive Rancho Las Palmas resort near Palm Springs, California, during one of their powwows.

Not to mince words, the Koch brothers are evil sons of bitches who deny climate change despite the overwhelming evidence. But then, the two billionaires only care about profits from their planet-destroying oil pipelines. So what's your excuse? Oh, yeah. The paid getaways... and the fact that your wife, Virginia, is the indirect recipient of Koch brothers money.

That brings us to the really big brouhaha in your life: your failure to disclose on your income tax forms—for the last 20 years—Virginia's earnings from far-right groups that have benefitted from your conservative decisions on the Supreme Court. That, sir, is a crime punishable by up to one year in jail and a \$50,000 fine. We understand there are numerous other conflicts of interest that are also being looked into.

People are starting to talk, Justice Thomas. They are saying you should be impeached, and that brings us back to our previous "self-hating Negro" assertion. Your disregard for judicial ethics and public opinion go far beyond mere arrogance. We see it as a subconscious desire to be punished for your ill deeds. In that regard, sir, we truly hope you succeed.

P.S. Should you ever revert to reading porn—if indeed you ever stopped—we are prepared to offer you a 50% discount on a subscription to HUSTLER.

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**Antonin Scalia**, Clarence Thomas's sidekick on the U.S. Supreme Court, recently made headlines for proclaiming in *California Lawyer* magazine that the 14th Amendment (citizenship, due process and equal-protection clauses) does not extend to protecting women against sex discrimination. Apparently he doesn't consider women to be "people." In fact, Scalia believes women, gays and all emerging minorities should be left at the mercy of the prevailing political majority when it comes to ensuring fair treatment. Back in September 2010 he told an audience at the University of California Hastings College of Law that "if the current society wants to outlaw discrimination by sex...you have legislatures."

•**Curveball**, an Iraqi informer whose real name is Rafid Ahmed

Alwan al-Janabi, claimed that Saddam Hussein's regime was developing mobile biological warfare labs, thereby building a case for the Iraq War. After more than seven years of hostilities and the deaths of thousands of U.S. troops and countless Iraqi civilians, al-Janabi recently admitted to the *Guardian* newspaper that he was full of shit: "I had the chance to fabricate something to topple the regime. I and my sons are proud of that." And we're proud to also deride the CIA. In 2004 the U.S. Senate Intelligence Committee reported that the spy agency "withheld important information about Curveball's reliability" from U.S. analysts dealing with the informant's claim. For God's sake, al-Janabi was a cab driver.



"Yeah, I know...it smells just like shit!"

BRAINY BEAUTY

There's no shortage of blogs in the world today, but Sovereign Syre's account of life as an erudite erotic model is worth a long look. Expect the unexpected, as the lovely lady's Web site features a bevy of stunning nude photos, harrowing tales of the business (such as getting offered a bizarre gig involving fake roofies and butt-sniffing), as well as her musings on novelist Vladimir Nabokov and Mayan death shrouds.

You can also learn what Sovereign likes to do on an ideal day: "Write, eat something chocolate, have at least one orgasm, talk about ideas with someone."

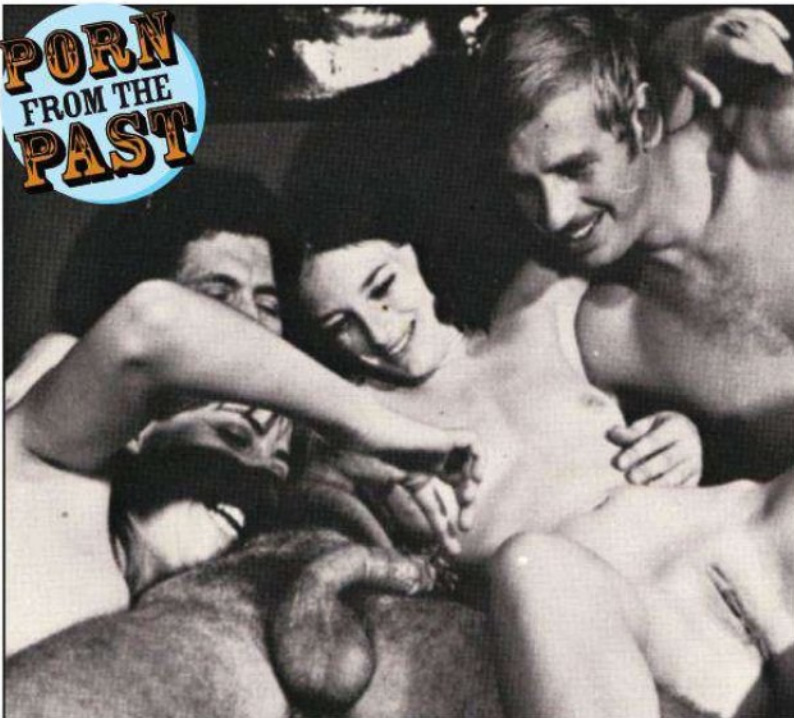
You'll gain insight into the upside ("It's kind of cool to pretend to be Bettie Page") and downside of getting paid to disrobe ("40 degrees in the room where this was shot, and I was in agony, because I'm a pussycat and hate to be uncomfortable").

To read more, check out SovereignSyre.Tumblr.com.

PHOTOS BY J.M. DARLING



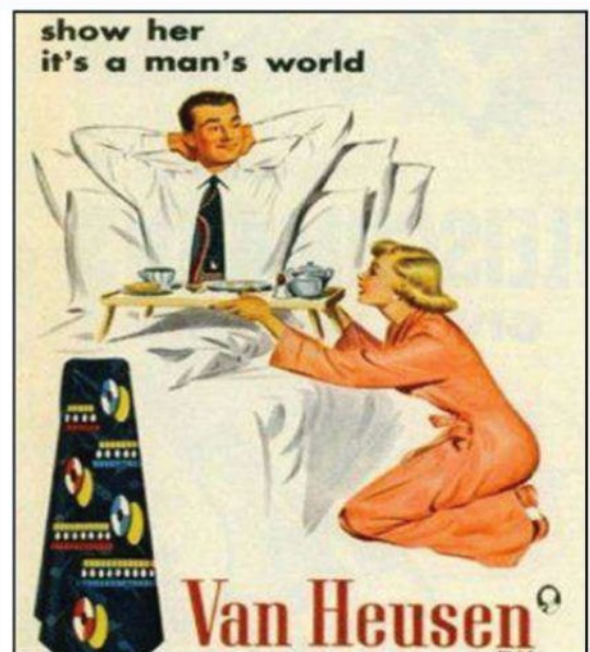
PORN FROM THE PAST



While growing up, did you ever wonder why you were sent to bed early every time "Uncle" Bob and "Aunt" Carol came over for a visit? The adults retired to the master bedroom, filling the house with shrieks, giggles and moans. The next morning you'd wake to find Bob naked, sheepishly returning your pet hamster to its cage. What do you mean that never happened to you?

Thanks to K.F. of Duluth, Minnesota, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER, Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

OLD-SCHOOL ADS



Periodically we like to look back at advertising campaigns from decades gone by for a reminder of the way life used to be, when men slept in button-up shirts, women spent the majority of their time on their knees and neckties had powerful, hypnotizing properties. Modern ties aren't potent enough to stop your wife from watching *The View* long enough to butter toast.

"Give a man free hands, and you'll know where to find them." —MAE WEST, ACTRESS

WHAT WOULD

Betty White

LOOK LIKE WITH A
DICK IN HER MOUTH?

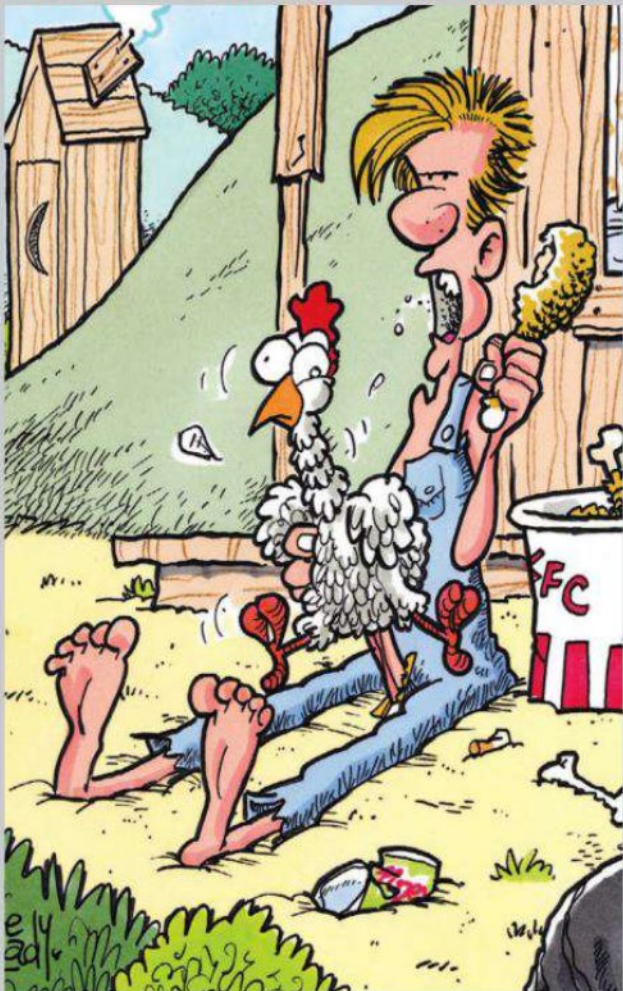
Last month we slid a phallus into Miley Cyrus's open maw, so we figured it was time to explore the other end of the age spectrum. Octogenarian cocktease Betty White has seen a career resurgence due to her willingness to work blue, but she knows all about the ebb and flow of Hollywood careers. If Bettymania cools off, her agents may compel the old bird to shoot a sex tape to keep the cash cow going. What's John McCain up to?

DISCLAIMER: No such picture of Betty White actually exists, although rumors persist that Matthew Brady snapped a few beaver pictures of her during the Civil War. (Because she's old, get it?) This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.



"Those who restrain desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained." —WILLIAM BLAKE, POET

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Chickens—cain't live with 'em, cain't live without 'em."

PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #18

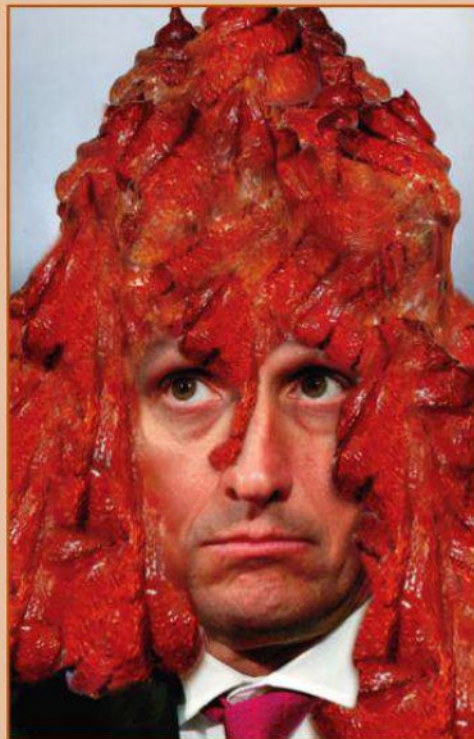
TIMOTHY GEITHNER

When the Financial Crisis Inquiry Commission released its assessment of what caused the economic meltdown, Tim Geithner was listed among the culprits. The panel determined that the avoidable disaster had resulted from Wall Street greed combined with the ineptitude of government regulators. Good old Timmy was cited for his failure, while heading the New York Federal Reserve, to notice and act on clear signs of trouble within Citigroup and

Lehman Brothers. Oh well, we all learned our lesson, and Obama promised that there will be no more bailouts.

Apparently, Timmy didn't get that memo. Geithner admitted to financial watchdog Neil Barofsky that future trouble on Wall Street may require the government to do "exceptional things again." Barofsky believes that more bailouts are likely if the government continues to permit banks to become too big to fail. Geithner, it seems, is fine waiting for shit to blow up again and then funneling taxpayers' money to his pals.

Crap will continue to fall on Tim-Tim until he is fired or resigns.



NEWSBITES

DRUG DAZE

When you start taking a new medication, it's a good idea to read the label thoroughly. Generally speaking, you can expect a little dry mouth or some fatigue. A Frenchman, though, is claiming that his Parkinson's prescription had far more severe side effects. The married father of two asserts that the drug transformed him into a confused, irrational gambling addict with an insatiable hunger for risky gay sex. Or, as we'd say in America, the pills made him "even more French."

MAN ON A MISSION

An Arizona resident was arrested after he was caught masturbating behind a motel in the wee hours. When the cops told the perverted perp to put his hands up, he continued jerking off and invited the officers to "come and suck it." The lawmen responded with pepper spray, but the chicken-choking didn't stop until they got the guy's hands into cuffs. The wanker was going to be hit with a misdemeanor, but prosecutors upped the charge to felony indecency after discovering that he'd been spanking it to a picture of Kathy Griffin.

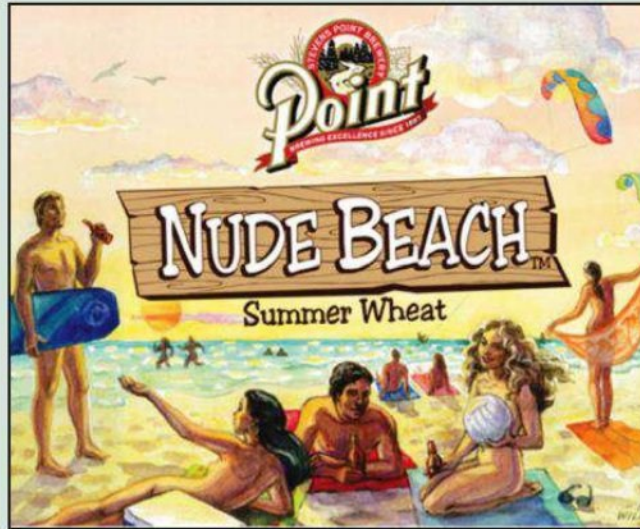
KINKY KRAUT

A dominatrix nearly caused a major panic in Austria when she ordered her male submissive to roam the streets wearing a PVC catsuit and a rubber gas mask. Observers of this strange scene feared that a terrorist attack was underway and that the man was taking precautions against whatever toxin had been released into the air. Onlookers became increasingly nervous until the cops unmasked the kinky fellow. They didn't arrest him, however, and didn't even bother beating him up. Where's the fun in police abuse if the victim gets a boner and the cops don't?

BEETLE BOFFING

The British Web site AutoQuake.com conducted a survey to determine the best car for backseat banging. The winner was the Mercedes-Benz E-Class Estate, with the Volkswagen Beetle placing second. The surprise, however, was that having sex in a car was far more popular among the senior crowd. Thirty-nine percent of those over 55 said that vehicular humping was a jolly good time. Keep that in mind (and antibacterial wipes on hand) before buying that "gently used" Volkswagen from the nice elderly couple up the street.

PRUDE BEACH



The Michigan Liquor Control Commission decided that this proposed beer label for Stevens Point Brewery's Summer Wheat Ale was far too shocking to wind up on a bottle. Apparently, this tasteful depiction of a nude beach was deemed "detrimental to the health, safety or welfare of the general public." Really, Michigan? You can't identify any greater threats to public decency? After all, you're the state that brought us Mitt Romney, the Insane Clown Posse and the bombed-out city of Detroit. Did we mention Mitt fucking Romney?

Find out more about Stevens Point Brewery at PointBeer.com.

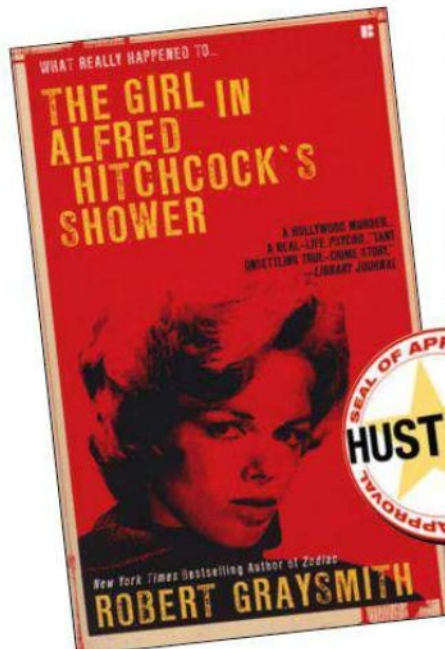
SIGN OF THE TIMES



One of our readers happened upon this Michigan church that practices a radical form of Christianity. The Holy Trinity, it claims, is bogus. The Christ Temple's congregation worships the Fabulous Foursome: the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit and the Great Snatch. Thanks to R.G. of Muskegon, Michigan, for laying this pic on us!

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB



Robert Graysmith, author of the bestseller *Zodiac*, returns with another compelling true-crime tale. *The Girl in Alfred Hitchcock's Shower* explores the mystery surrounding a woman who appeared in one of cinema's most iconic scenes.

In Hitchcock's *Psycho*, Janet Leigh's character unforgettably meets a grisly end in a motel shower, where she's viciously stabbed by Norman Bates. But when the scene was filmed, Leigh body double Marli Renfro did most of the work. Years later, rumors circulated that the young model who'd helped Hitchcock capture the moment on celluloid had herself been violently slain in real life. Was she the victim of a serial killer? Graysmith sets out to debunk the myth and reveal what really happened to Ms. Renfro.

The Girl in Alfred Hitchcock's Shower is available in bookstores or can be ordered from the publisher at Penguin.com.

"Nothing risqué, nothing gained." —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, CRITIC

PORN POSTERITY

The 2011 Legends of Erotica revue, which ran concurrently with the AVN Expo in Las Vegas, gave fans an opportunity to celebrate the careers of XXX veterans. This year's honorees were Jill Kelly, Lisa Ann, RayVeness and Mr. Marcus, who immortalized their signatures and handprints

for display at Sin City's Showgirl Video. One legend even dipped her tits into the wet cement. Who knows? Maybe after human civilization reaches its inevitable end, only an indentation of RayVeness's boobs will remain to inform alien races of what life was like on Earth.



Lisa Ann



Jill Kelly



RayVeness leaves her mark.



RayVeness and Ron Jeremy

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

RIDICULOUS RUBBERS

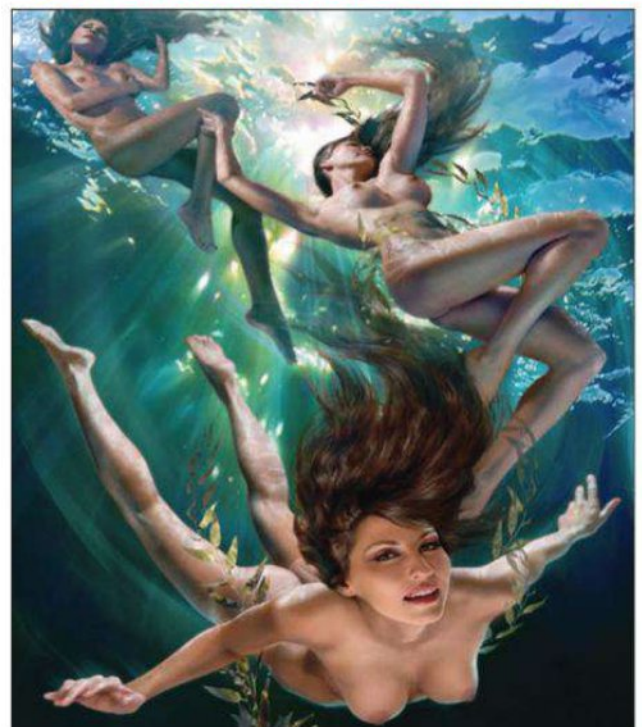


PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

If you're the type of guy who enjoys making *vroom-vroom* noises with every penile thrust, this condom might be up your alley. From our vantage point, it looks like the #1 car's the champion and #2 gets stuck with sloppy seconds every time. Oh, well, at least both cars will get the clap.

Send us the strangest (unused, for the love of God!) prophylactic you've come across or a picture of it. If we feature your raincoat in the mag, we'll send you a free T-shirt. Mail your submission to Ridiculous Rubbers, c/o HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. (Please indicate your shirt size.)

DROWNING IN ECSTASY



Artist Jeff Wack creates dreamy, erotic pieces that colorfully celebrate a classic subject: the female form. His process involves taking photographs of a model, then manipulating those images and placing them within a digitally painted environment. The goal is magical realism, as Wack envisions a world whose oceans are congested with hot naked chicks instead of oil spills. Consider us fans.

To see more of Jeff Wack's art, visit SensuousMuse.com.

"I can remember when the air was clean and sex was dirty." —GEORGE BURNS, COMIC



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Making Coming of Age Really Count

Lilly's long, slender legs were wrapped around my neck, and I was feasting on her pussy. It was a perfect pink slit, with smooth, fat flaps and a sensitive love trigger. Pussy juice was streaming down my chin. I slid two fingers in alongside my tongue to tickle the girl's G spot, and she was coming again. If my count was correct, that made orgasm number 7.

Numbers 8 and 9 followed quickly, one while I was tongue-slapping Lilly's clitty, the other while I was rimming her tiny, virgin rosebud. She clutched the sheets during that last orgasm. Her thighs trembled. She screamed. Only nine more climaxes to go.

I was a man on a mission. Lilly turned 18

today. Finally, finally, she was no longer jail-bait. I had waited for this day, with no small amount of restraint, ever since the beginning of the semester. I am 28 and an assistant professor at a prestigious university. I remember the exact day Lilly walked into my classroom, a petite little thing with peaches-and-cream complexion, sky-blue eyes and blond ringlets. I teach a mandatory freshman English class, which usually translates into boredom. Yet every time Lilly shot up her hand, it was to ask an amazingly insightful question. I was smitten.

Oh, I know, it's probably not considered "appropriate" for a teacher to lust after his student. But I'm only an *assistant* professor. So I asked Lilly out for coffee, ostensibly to discuss a term paper. And that's when I discovered that she was 17. Lilly had skipped a grade somewhere along the way. I figured my career could recover from an ordinary student-teacher affair, but one with a minor? That changed everything.

The spark between us was mutual, however, the connection so intense that we talked and texted practically nonstop. But we didn't have sex till today, her glorious coming of age.

For weeks I had been contemplating what I could give Lilly for the big occasion. Then one morning, stuck in traffic on the freeway,

it hit me. Come the actual day, I called in sick, she skipped classes, and we met at the nicest hotel I could afford. For her 18th birthday I was determined to gift my brand-new, barely legal lover with 18 orgasms!

Following number 9 we took a break for chocolate-covered strawberries and champagne. Lilly drizzled bubbly over my fuckset and lapped my balls and shaft clean. Marble-hard by the time she finished, I was ready to dick the young coed's twat. You see, she'd had nine pussy-licking, rimming orgasms, but I hadn't come yet—not with Lilly anyway. Determined to last on this special day, I'd jacked off right before I left the house.

I knew Lilly was no virgin. Still I went slow, pushing my crown inside her labes, then stopping. Fuck, her cunt was supertight, the pressure awesome! Another inch, and I stopped again. That's when she lost patience. In one smooth motion Lilly rolled me over on the bed so she was straddling my hips and jammed her snatch all the way down till my prick was buried in heat. Then she started riding me, rhythmically squeezing her pelvic muscles around my prod. It was hardly the awkward fuck I'd expected from an 18-year-old. Soon I was spraying, and Lilly climaxed with me. Her love cream bathed my nuts. Orgasm number 10!

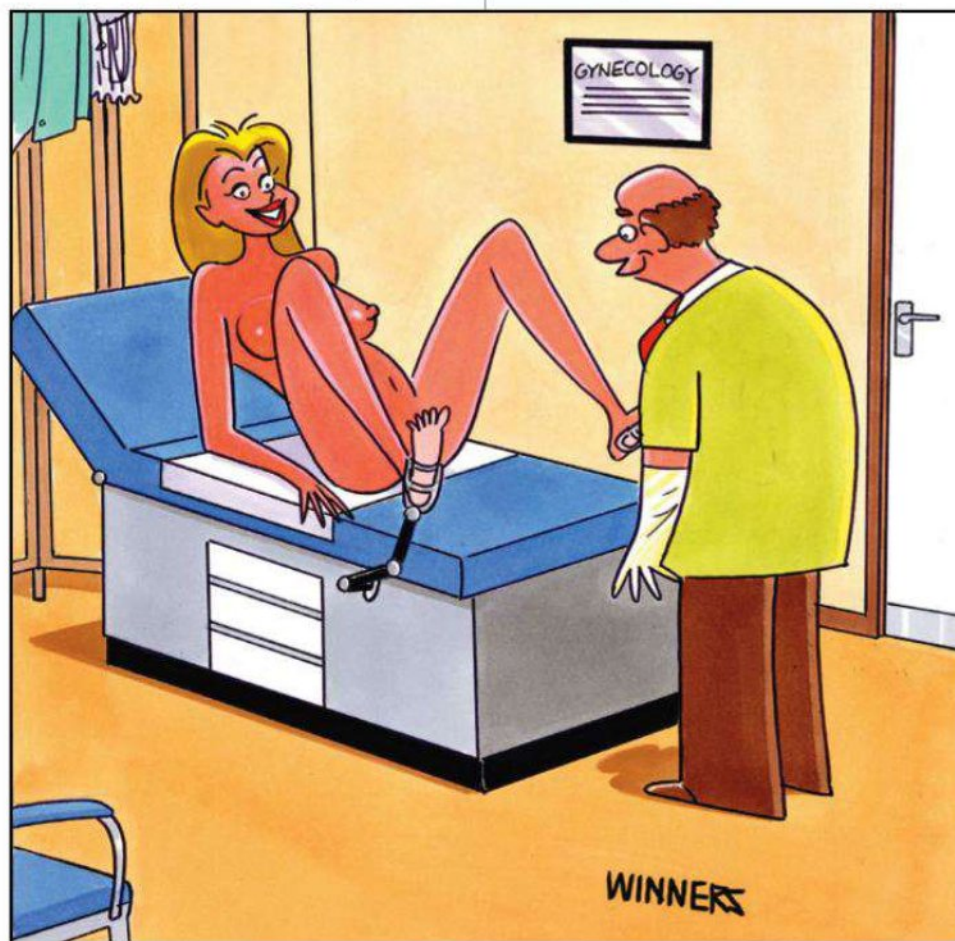
After hours of lovemaking, we were both starting to fade. I had to think quick if I were going to give her eight more comes. So I made up some Old English tradition about a birthday spanking. Then, sitting on the edge of the bed, I dragged Lilly over my lap. Her buttocks looked delicious, round and firm to the touch, flawless. I drew my hand back and brought it down with a resounding *whack!* Lilly whimpered, and the sight of my bright-red handprint on her creamy tush got me hard all over again. My boner pressed between her thighs. I kept spanking, and as I picked up speed, the new adult began bucking her tush up to meet my hand. In the process her thighs jacked my pecker.

Lilly was mewling. My hand was crashing onto her butt. She started coming. Still, I didn't let up, and that's when her climax turned multiple. Her tiny body shook. Twat jizz gushed over her thighs and my cock, and I shot off like a fuckin' volcano.

It took Lilly minutes to return to earth. When she did, she assured me that she had definitely reached climax number 18, maybe beyond. I know it's absurd, but I felt so very, very proud.

—Name and Address
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"There's nothing wrong with me. I just like being examined."

ON HER OWN TERMS

ANNA CRUZ

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

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Aнна Cruz's decision to disrobe for the camera wasn't motivated by a desire for fame and fortune. "Nude modeling is something I chose to do for fun," the freelance graphic designer explains. "It's definitely made my life more interesting."

Anna grew up in a small town with few entertainment options. "My girlfriends and I would hang out at the river," she recalls. "We'd go skinny-dipping, barbecue or do some four-wheeling. There wasn't much else to do."

In search of something more, Anna visited New York City, but the Big Apple wasn't quite what she'd expected. She returned to New Mexico and enrolled in college, but was soon feeling restless again. "I made the decision to give modeling a try out of sheer boredom," she tells us. "And here I am today in HUSTLER Magazine!"

Anna adds, "I'd always been so shy about my body growing up, but I'm at a point in my life where I'm not anymore. I'm proud of my body. Being nude is such a big deal to people, but it's just not to me. I feel like more people need to embrace their bodies and be happy with who they are and what they look like."

Proud of who she is, Anna admits, "Truthfully, I'm kind of a simple girl. I'm not flashy. I always strive to look my best, but I don't need expensive clothes or jewelry to do that."

On that note, we're in definite agreement with Anna Cruz: She doesn't require a shred of clothing to look fantastic.











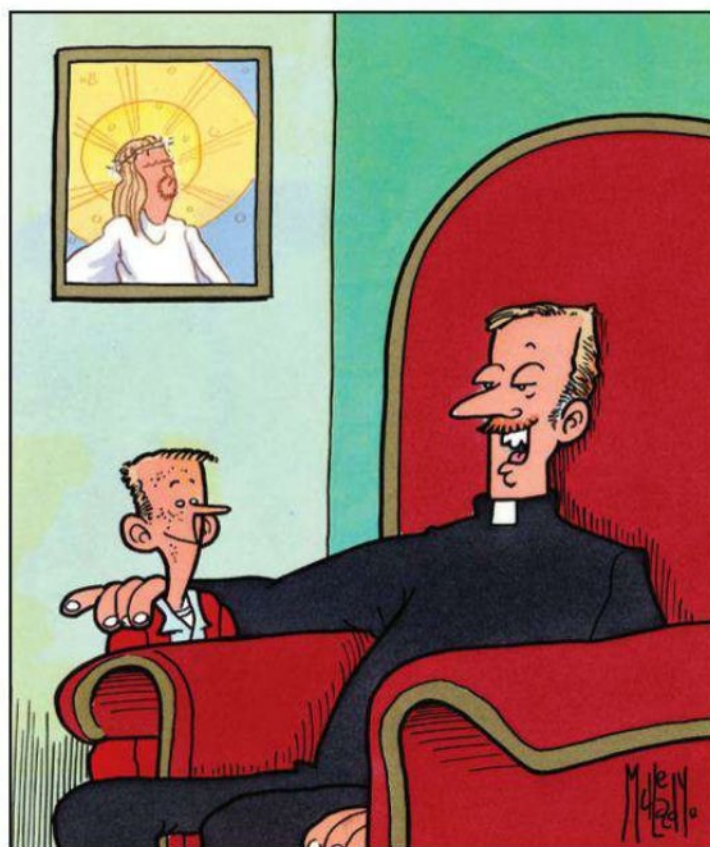
ANNA CRUZ'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Carlsbad, New Mexico | AGE: 27 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 105







"Alan, I don't think the gentleman wishes to learn about Christ the savior right now."



"So, Timmy, God's love comes in many shapes and sizes, the most popular being little tiny eggs with tails that swim down your throat."

How the Private Lives of Presidents, First Ladies and Their Lovers Changed the Course of American History

ONE NATION UNDER SEX

LARRY FLYNT
& DAVID EISENBACH, PH.D.

GRAPHIC ART & DESIGN BY KEVIN GENTRY



Was President John F. Kennedy's mistress doing more than sleeping with him? Was JFK elected thanks to ballot-box hanky-panky? It's all laid out in this excerpt from Larry Flynt's latest book.

Larry Flynt and coauthor David Eisenbach have written an amazing narrative detailing the amorous adventures of U.S. Presidents, First Ladies and their lovers. Provocative, shocking and academically sourced, *One Nation Under Sex* discloses what really set the course of American history. We now present one of the book's most explosive chapters:

Kennedy campaign worker Langdon Marvin recalled that during the 1960 Presidential run his boss would "dispatch me to a given town or city as a kind of advance man. I'd set things up for him. When he arrived, I'd pick him up at the airport. He'd clamber off the *Caroline*, the campaign plane his father had purchased for him, and he'd say to me, 'Where are the broads?'"

Marvin was also responsible for hiring prostitutes to frolic with JFK right before his nationally televised debates with Republican nominee Richard Nixon. Millions of viewers witnessed what journalist Theodore H. White called a "calm and nerveless" Kennedy in sharp contrast to a "tense" Nixon. JFK's cool, collected performance in those debates con-

vinced many voters that the young senator could be a steady leader in a volatile world.

Republican Vice Presidential nominee Henry Cabot Lodge exploded after watching Nixon in the first debate, "That son of a bitch just lost the election!" The campaign cash that paid for JFK's pre-debate stress relief was certainly money well spent.

Sex played another important role in the success of the Kennedy campaign. On February 7, 1960, Frank Sinatra—who sang the Kennedy campaign song "High Hopes"—introduced the Presidential candidate to a dark-haired, shapely

brunette named Judith Campbell during a campaign break at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. Sinatra had dated Campbell until a certain



Top, Chicago Mafia don Sam Giancana after appearing before a federal grand jury in New York, January 1965 (photo courtesy Getty Images); below, JFK and Frank Sinatra at the President's 1961 inauguration festivities (photo courtesy mptv).

evening when he invited a second woman to join them for a threesome. Campbell recalled how she "just absolutely froze. I went rigid; no one could have moved my arms and legs."

A year later, Sinatra happily handed Campbell over to Kennedy, and—according to an FBI report—the Las Vegas police bugged a romantic interlude between them at the Sands. Kennedy seemed to develop an instant affection for Campbell, and over subsequent weeks interrupted his campaign to call her almost daily to see what she was doing and whom she was meeting.

Weeks later, Sinatra invited Campbell to his show at Miami's Fontainebleau Hotel, where he introduced her to a well-dressed, middle-aged man in dark glasses: "I want you to meet Sam Flood." Later that evening, when Campbell mentioned to Kennedy that "Frank introduced me to Sam Flood," JFK said, "Oh, yes, I know Sam Giancana."

We will never know for sure why Sinatra introduced Campbell to both the Presidential candidate and the Chicago Mafia don. We do

know Sinatra had been relaying information between the Kennedy camp and Giancana since the start of the campaign. We also know that within weeks of Campbell's introduction to both men, this young woman found herself serving as their new go-between. Kennedy and Giancana obviously needed a less-visible courier than Old Blue Eyes, but why tap a 26-year-old woman? In the highly unlikely event she betrayed her lover and the Mob boss, no one would believe her. Especially if she revealed the bizarre truth: that the Democratic Party nominee and the Mafia kingpin were plotting to steal the Presidency.

Weeks before the election, Jackie Kennedy—pregnant with John Jr.—went on vacation to Florida, and Jack took the opportunity to invite Campbell to stay at their Georgetown home. JFK had some important political business in mind. Looking at the Electoral College map, Kennedy knew the swing state of Illinois would be key to a victory over Richard Nixon; to win Illinois, Kennedy needed Giancana's help with the unions and Chicago's wards.

According to Campbell, Jack asked if she would set up a meeting with the crime boss. A "little surprised" Campbell said, "Well, yes. I'd be happy to. Why, or should I ask?"

Kennedy replied, "Well, I think he can help me with the campaign." He then pulled out a large satchel and asked if she would mind delivering it to Giancana. Although Campbell immediately accepted the mission, Kennedy said, "But I want you to know what's in it," and opened the satchel containing \$250,000 (\$1.8 million today) in \$100 bills.

After an overnight train ride to Chicago, Campbell met Giancana, who snatched the bag from her hand without saying a word. Right before the election, Kennedy asked Campbell to pass a second satchel of money to Giancana and set up a face-to-face meeting in her apartment. When the Democratic Party nominee met with the Mafia don, Campbell "went into...[her] bedroom and waited until they were finished talking."

Campbell's contacts with Kennedy and Giancana quickly came to the attention of FBI agents, who reported to [Director J. Edgar] Hoover that she was sleeping with both men. Four days before the Presidential election, agents from the FBI and the Internal Revenue Service arrived at Campbell's apartment to interrogate her about Giancana.

"They treated me with such disrespect," Campbell recalled. "I gladly let them come into my home. And the way they were acting, I finally just told them to leave." As soon as they left, she called Kennedy, who offered "the same pat answer" whenever she complained about FBI surveillance. He would always say, "Don't worry about them" or "You have nothing to be

afraid of. You've never done anything wrong in your life. You know Sam works for us."

Sam's work paid big dividends on election night when Kennedy won Cook County by a suspiciously overwhelming 450,000 votes and squeaked out a victory in Illinois by fewer than 9,400 votes. FBI agents reported to Hoover that Chicago's returns were falsified. With Giancana's help, Kennedy secured a slim victory in one of the closest Presidential elections in American history. But Sam's work for the Kennedys was far from over.

KILLING CASTRO: Shortly before the inauguration in 1961, the President-elect asked Campbell "to take some information to Sam" and to Florida Mob boss Johnny Roselli regarding the "elimination" of [Cuban dictator] Fidel Castro. Over the next year, Campbell made ten or more trips to Giancana and Roselli with envelopes from Kennedy.

Campbell said she and the President had a routine. After they had sex in the White House, they would have dinner, and "Bobby [JFK's brother Robert F. Kennedy] would come in and bring the information in a manila envelope to Jack. And they would discuss a little bit about it. And Bobby often would put his hand on my shoulder and ask, 'Are you still comfortable doing this? We want you to let us know if you don't want to.'"

Campbell didn't hesitate in taking part in this conspiracy involving the President, the U.S. attorney general and the Mafia to assassinate a foreign head of state because she "was doing something for someone I loved dearly. It was as if my husband had asked me to do something for him, to carry some papers—if I had a lawyer for a husband, and he wanted me to take some papers to a client. I never had the sense of just how serious all of it was. I was far too wrapped up in the fact that he trusted me. It just didn't register." Such is the power of love.

Once again, in early 1962, Campbell came under the attention of the FBI when agents noticed Johnny Roselli's phone records registered frequent calls to Campbell and then discovered her phone records had dozens of calls to the President's secretary Evelyn Lincoln. On February 27, 1962, Hoover sent RFK a memo about the suspicious phone records, benignly noting, "The relationship between Campbell and Mrs. Lincoln or the purpose of these calls is not known."

Hoover was much more candid about Campbell during lunch with the President on March 22, when he told Kennedy that he knew about their affair and warned the President that Campbell was also sleeping with Sam Giancana. When lunch was done, Kennedy snapped to an aide, "Get rid of that bastard. He's the biggest bore."

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ONE NATION UNDER SEX

According to Campbell, Jack called that afternoon and told her to go to her mother's house and call him from there. "He said the phone in my apartment wasn't safe." Campbell "could feel his anger" over the telephone line. "He said that, at their meeting, Hoover had more or less tried to intimidate him with the information he had. He made it clear that he knew about my relationship with Jack, even that I'd been to the White House, that I was a friend of Sam and Johnny Roselli and that Jack knew Sam too. Jack knew exactly what Hoover was doing. Knowing that Jack wanted him out of office, he was in a way ensuring his job—by letting Jack know he had this leverage over him."

Now that Campbell's cover was blown, Kennedy decided to dump her—which was probably going to happen anyway because their sex had begun to lose steam. "Slowly I began to feel that he expected me to come into bed and just perform," Campbell recalled. "I understood about the position he had to assume in lovemaking when his back was troubling him, but slowly he began excluding all other positions, until finally our lovemaking was reduced to this one position. ... The feeling that I was there to service him began to really trouble me."

By the summer of 1962, Campbell had lost her value as sex object and secret courier. RFK found a new liaison to the Mafia, and the President broke off the affair. But according to Campbell, during her last visit with JFK in August, she got pregnant. They agreed that she would get an abortion, and Campbell recalled "in our next conversation he asked, 'Would Sam help us?' I spoke to Sam, and he said yes." Giancana was appalled by how Kennedy treated such a trusting young woman, but the Mafia don now had even more leverage over the President if he ever needed to use it.

Giancana might not have been the only outsider who knew about the abortion. On August 7, 1962, FBI agents on a stakeout of Campbell's apartment observed two young men scale the building to her balcony and slide through a glass door. Fifteen minutes later the two left the apartment. The FBI agents did not stop them or report their crime to the police. Instead, the G-men tracked the license plate on the getaway car and found it was rented to a former FBI agent named I. B. Hale, who was head of security for General Dynamics, a military contractor.

The FBI report to Hoover speculated that the two men were Hale's sons and that they broke into Campbell's apartment to install a bug or wiretap. Hoover did nothing to warn Campbell or confront Hale because he did not want to expose his own surveillance of the President's girlfriend.

In 1962 General Dynamics was heading toward financial collapse if it did not win a bid for a \$6.5 billion (\$46 billion today) military jet program known as the Tactical Fighter, Experimental (TFX). Everyone familiar with the bids predicted that

General Dynamics' main competitor, Boeing, would win the contract with its cheaper bid and better design that, according to the *Washington Post*, promised "longer flight range, more firepower and shorter landing space requirements."

Four of the military's evaluation boards recommended Boeing's bid. But three months after the Hale boys broke into Campbell's apartment, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara shocked Washington by awarding General Dynamics with the TFX program, the largest military aircraft contract in history.

Suspicious senators opened an investigation into how the contract was awarded. The *Washington Post* editorialized, "In these circumstances the burden of proof that the TFX contract awarded to General Dynamics best serves the national interest clearly falls upon Secretary McNamara and his aides." McNamara never had to answer fully for his decision because the Senate investigation was shut down after Kennedy's assassination [on November 22, 1963].

The TFX program was plagued by delays and cost overruns that were appalling even by Washington standards. Six of the resulting planes, known as F-111s, were sent to Vietnam in 1968 for evaluation under real combat conditions. In little over a month, three of the six fell from the sky because of a malfunctioning horizontal stabilizer. Once again, McNamara's decision to award the TFX contract to General Dynamics came under fire, but by then the defense secretary had the much bigger problem of the Vietnam quagmire on his hands.

***One Nation Under Sex: How the Private Lives of Presidents, First Ladies and Their Lovers Changed the Course of American History* by Larry Flynt and David Eisenbach, Ph.D. Copyright © 2011 by the authors and reprinted by permission of Palgrave Macmillan, a division of Macmillan Publishers Limited. To order, see the ad on page 158 of this issue. The book is also available at Barnes & Noble, Borders and independent retailers in major markets. Check your local paper to see if Larry Flynt will be signing copies of *One Nation Under Sex* in your area.**

A 1960 photo of Judith Campbell, go-between/mistress of JFK and Sam Giancana (photo courtesy Associated Press).



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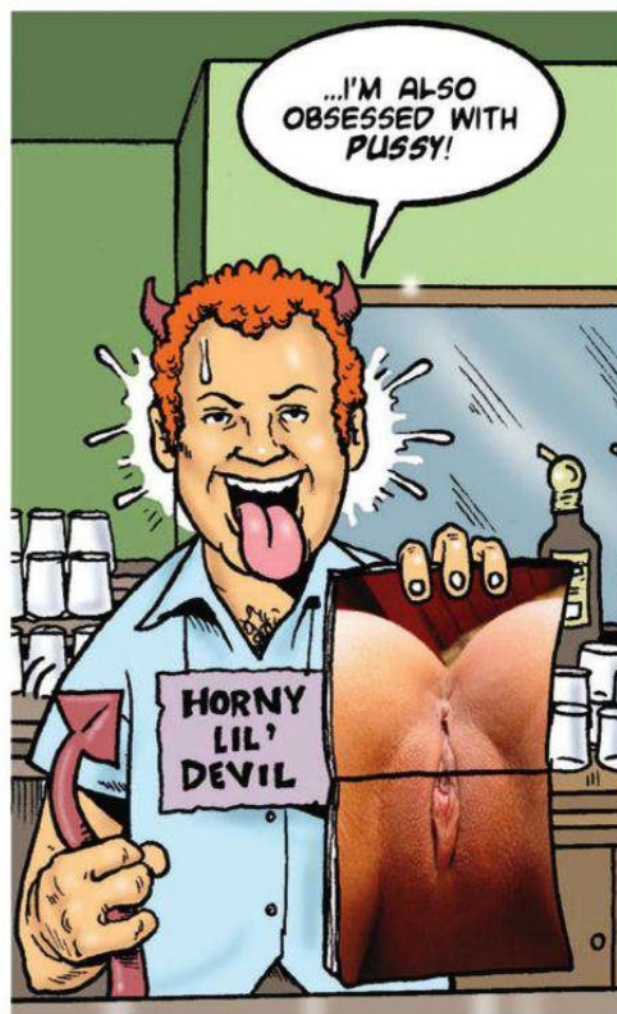
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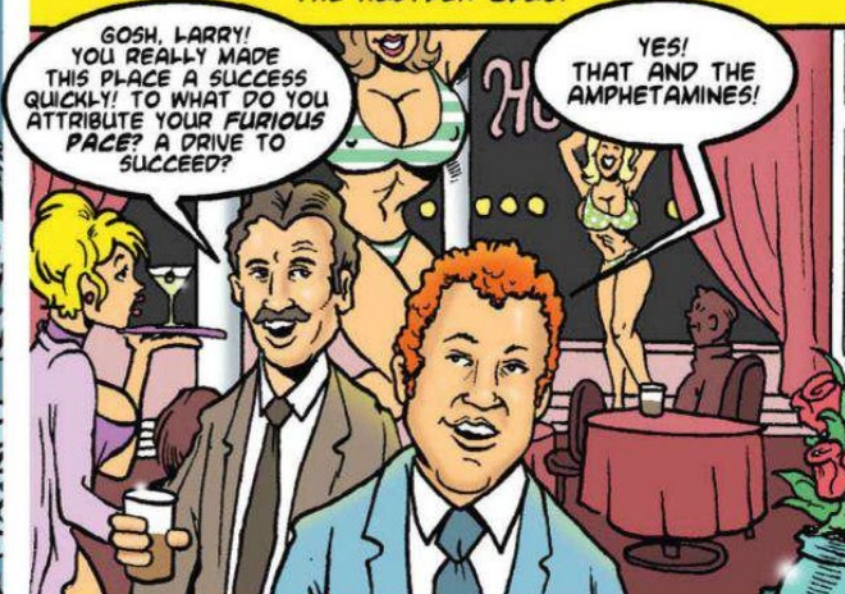
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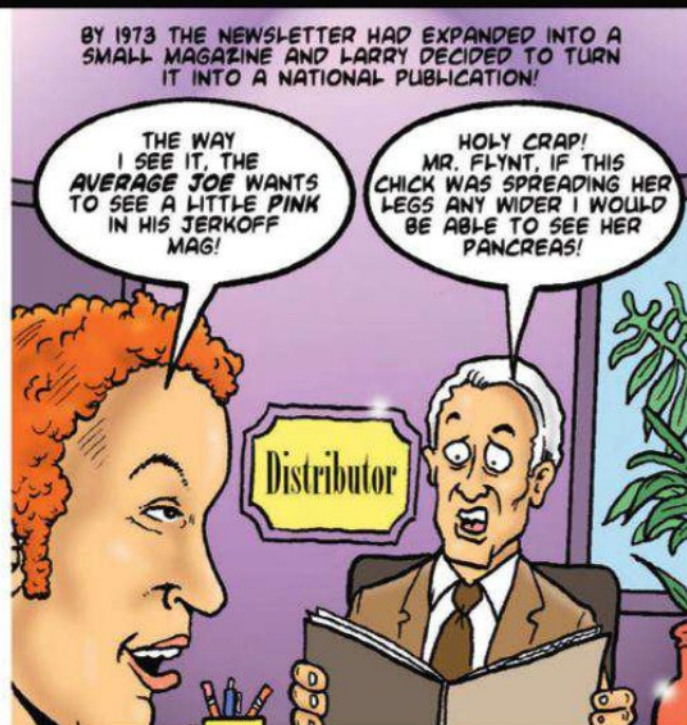
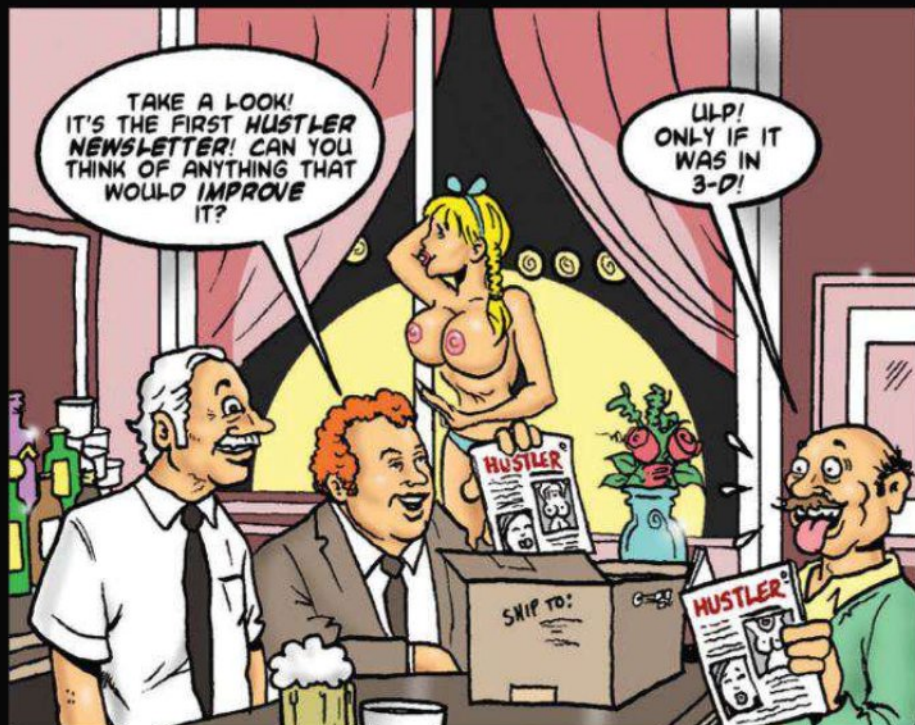


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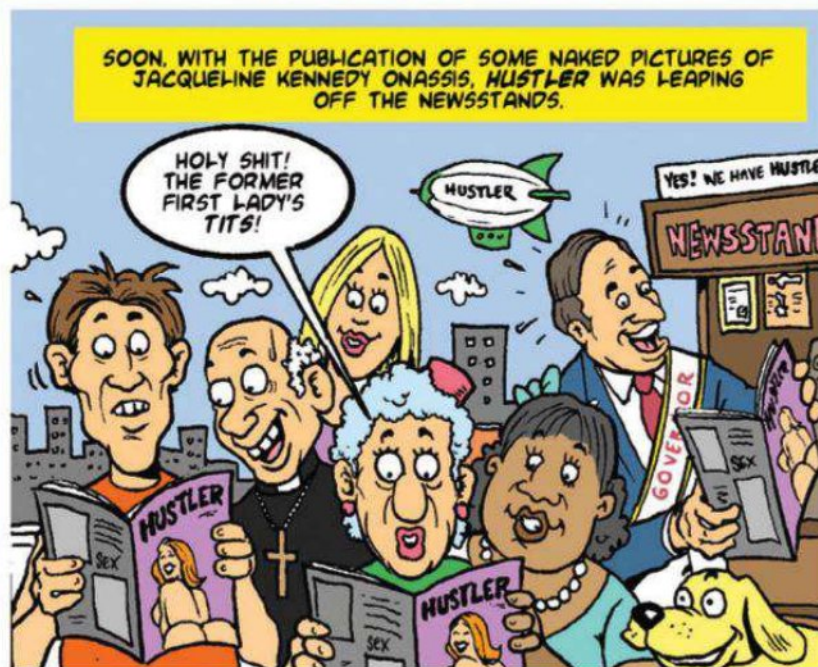


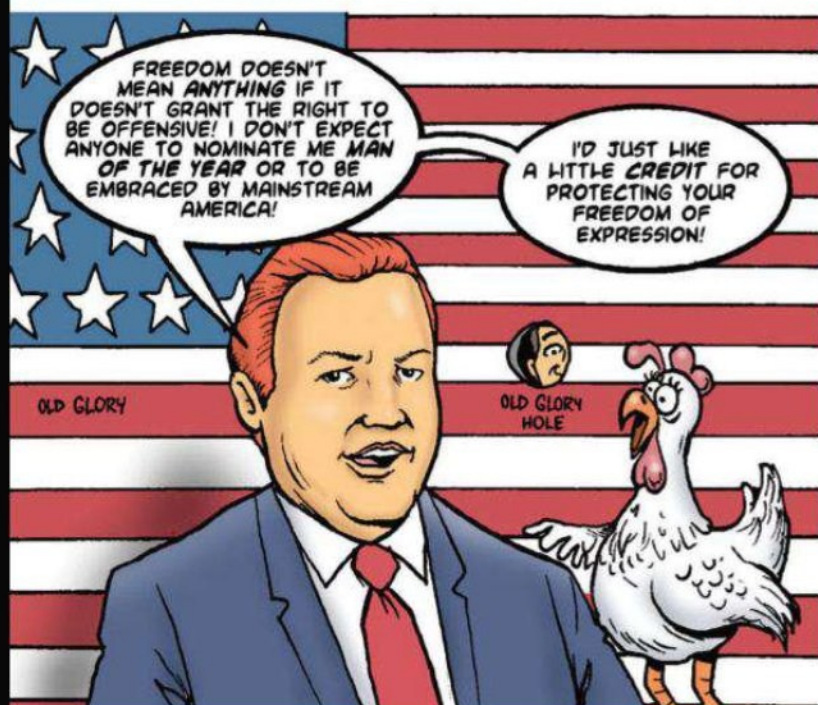
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ALYSHIA KINGSTON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM



Alyshia Kingston

has never had difficulty attracting men. "I don't mean to sound arrogant," she says, "but, yeah, I definitely have guys hitting on me all the time. I live in Las Vegas, so dudes will literally stop me on the street or at a grocery store and give me some kind of a line."

Although Alyshia appreciates the attention, she wonders what all the fuss is about: "I think the female form is beautiful, no question, but there are a lot of other beautiful things in the world. It's funny how an attractive woman can get a guy so twisted up, he can't even talk straight."

Shooting from the hip, Alyshia asserts, "The worst part is most men don't know how to approach a girl and still be themselves. Nothing turns me off more than phoniness, and I hate when a guy uses a system or something—you know, from one of those books about how to pick up women. It's so obvious. Those guys think they can manipulate me, and they have no chance."





Alyshia prides herself on being able to see right through the majority of her suitors. "Most of the time," she explains, "I can figure a guy out before he even finishes his first sentence."



So what's **Alyshia's** advice for the gentlemen? "If you're going up to some random girl and talking to her, it's pretty unlikely that it's gonna go anywhere. That's just reality, you know? The odds are against you. So why not at least do it with style; do it the way that only you can. Be original."





ALYSHIA KINGSTON'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Las Vegas, Nevada | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 125







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RILEY

Day in

LANDING A MAINSTREAM ROLE IN *PIRANHA 3D* WON'T BE THE END OF HER PORN CAREER.

My 24 hours with Riley Steele began at a Los Angeles beauty salon, where she was getting primped and polished to walk down the red carpet at the ESPY Awards show; ESPN's annual tribute to individual and team excellence in sports features a goofy mixture of legendary jocks and Hollywood celebrities. (Like quarterback Brett Favre and Olympian Sean White sharing the stage with January Jones of TV's *Mad Men* and teen heartthrob Zac Efron.)

Riley was invited to the gala event for two reasons: She had a featured acting role in the horror film *Piranha 3D*, which was to be heavily advertised during the commercial breaks, and more importantly, she's a smokin'-hot babe—the quintessential visual complement to sashay alongside a bunch of multizillionaire, testosterone-laden athletes.



PHOTOS BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

STEELE

the Life

"Ms. Riley Steele, starring in Dimension Films' *Piranha 3D!*," the announcer boomed several hours later as the now totally glammed-out Riley stepped onto the red carpet at the Nokia Theatre. Dozens of photographers began clicking their cameras in unison, pleading, "Over here, Riley, over here!"

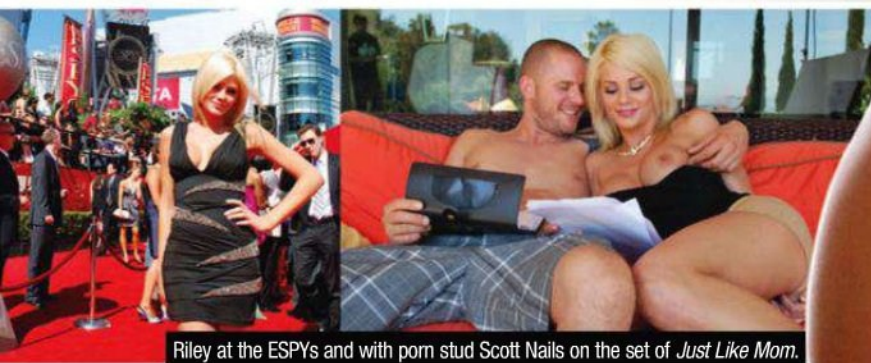
You'd think she'd done it her whole life—strutting, twirling, smiling, waving and posing while the paparazzi madly shot photo after photo. With A-list actors like Samuel L. Jackson and Heisman Trophy winner/Denver Broncos quarterback Tim Tebow staring admiringly at her radiant countenance, Riley Steele looked every inch the movie star. "If you're [appearing] naked on camera, you can do *anything*," she told me following her power walk. "The rest of it is

all child's play."

Later Riley confides about her ambition, "I always wanted to be a sex symbol—ever since I was little. My girlfriends would talk about growing up to be teachers or nurses or ballerinas, and I would think that I just wanted to be naughty in front of the camera."

Naughty. There's an understatement.

"In high school my dad caught me using his computer to go to porn Web sites," Riley remembers with a smile. "He forbade me to use his computer anymore, so I had friends make me DVDs of porn. I had discovered sex, and I loved it. And I loved porn. I secretly watched it all the time.



Riley at the ESPYs and with porn stud Scott Nails on the set of *Just Like Mom*.

Sometimes girlfriends would even ask for advice about their boyfriends, and we'd watch DVDs together to discuss what to do to guys."

When a Hollywood modeling agency invited a teenaged Riley to come in for an interview, her father fully expected his lovely daughter would seriously consider the entry-level catalog work being offered. But Riley turned down the opportunity because, quite

frankly, it just didn't sound dirty enough. Biding her time, the native of Escondido, California, cranked out foot-long sandwiches at Subway, brewed coffee at Starbucks, waitressed at a local country club (while banging male teen employees behind a deserted snack bar on breaks) until she became of legal age.

"I drove to L.A., had one meeting, and they signed me," Riley says about becoming a XXX contract player for Digital Playground. "At the time I thought I could make money, and my family would never find out."

It was a plan only a naive teen would figure had a chance of working. As Riley quickly gained notoriety, a jealous ex-boyfriend ratted her out. Naturally, the family was stunned. Riley had been raised to be a good girl, not a tawdry sex object, which is exactly how they viewed her new vocation.

"My dad cried," Riley recalls. "My grandparents wouldn't talk to me. It was very hard. We were still all living under the same roof."

"For better or worse, parents have limited power to influence their children," wrote Dr. Richard Friedman, a professor of clinical psychiatry, in the July 13, 2010, *L.A. Times* science section. "That is why they should not be so fast to take all the blame...for everything that their children become."

Even though Riley's par-

ents hadn't read Dr. Friedman's article, they did come to the same conclusion. Her father had a long talk with Samantha Lewis, president of Digital Playground, who assured him, as a woman, that being in the porn business was merely his daughter's career choice, not a pact with the devil. Riley, Lewis reasoned, should be allowed to make her own decisions in life in order to be happy. Isn't that ultimately what every parent wants for their child?

Irrefutable logic. The hand wringing and tears stopped, and Riley was given the family's blessing. She was free to become a star on her own terms.

The day after the ESPY Awards, Riley was performing with a half-dozen horny men and women on the set of her new film, *Just Like Mom*. Once she finished sucking fellow performer Scott Nails's cock, I asked about her plans for the future.

"I want to be the girl who makes mainstream and porn meet," Riley asserted. "I want to create a memorable character like Jennifer Aniston did in *Friends*, but with sex. And I'm okay with going slow. That's why I didn't want to do a gang-bang my third week in porn. You won't have a career that way."

Right now life's all about career. Riley, in her words, is "insanely busy"—with neither time for nor interest in a serious personal relationship. In addition to performing in adult films, she's got a Web site in the works (RileySteele.com), she communicates regularly with her growing fan base on Twitter and Facebook, and she is preparing for a



From left: The budding superstar in the eponymous *Riley Steele Roommates*, *Riley Steele: Chic* (with Mick Blue) and *Riley Steele: Honey*, photos courtesy DigitalPlayground.com.



recurring role on Cinemax's "After Dark" series *Life on Top*. That's an R-rated television show about ambitious young women in Manhattan who aren't afraid to use their sexuality to help them get where they want to be in life. It's an acting job for which Riley feels particularly qualified.

Nature versus nurture. There's really no way of knowing for sure why Riley Steele has chosen her particular profession. However, there is a cynical perception among some (think Howard Stern) that porn stars primarily come from broken homes in small towns. In the interest of full disclosure, Riley Steele was a baby when her mother took off. She was raised by her loving father and grandparents in a suburb much closer in vibe to Mayberry than Hollywood.

According to Riley, her choices in life were not the result of some deep-seated, bruising psychological trauma. After all, if people from broken homes who grew up in small towns always turned to the adult industry, then former President Bill Clinton would have chosen the same career as porn actor Long Dong Silver. (Of course, as it stands, Clinton did split the difference.)

Some folks, just as Dr. Friedman spelled out, do things because it's in their DNA. The achingly gorgeous Riley Steele likes to get naked in front of a camera, likes to suck cock, likes to lick pussy, likes being fucked doggy-style, likes to get double penetrated and likes to get banged in positions that would make a Cirque du Soleil performer envious. Why? Simply because, in Dr. Friedman's view, "everyday character traits, like all human behavior, have hard-wired and genetic components that cannot be molded entirely by the best environment."

Riley herself best explains her career choice: "I get to live what most people only fantasize about. That's why I love the porn business."

Maybe it's that simple. Maybe it's not. All I know is that a perfectly adorable creature enjoys giving pleasure while allowing people to watch.

Whatever the reason Riley Steele does what she does, thank goodness.

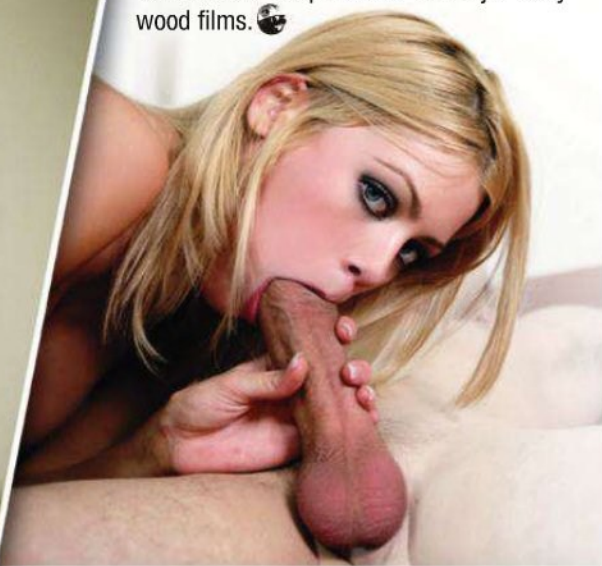
Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award winner. He also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.



"Don't get upset. My right hand was doing this long before my dick and your mouth got acquainted."



"Yes, this is Larry Flynt, but I can't talk to you now. I'm right in the middle of someone."



Bob Woodward discusses his book *Obama's Wars* on *Good Morning America*, September 18, 2010. PHOTO COURTESY ABC VIA GETTY IMAGES

BOB WOODWARD

THE STORY HE WON'T TELL

IS AMERICA'S FAVORITE INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER A GOVERNMENT OPERATIVE? POLITICAL COMMENTATOR RUSS BAKER OFFERS INTRIGUING EVIDENCE!

In June 2009, *Washington Post* associate editor Bob Woodward traveled to Afghanistan with General Jim Jones, then President Obama's National Security Advisor, to meet with General Stanley McChrystal, then the commander of forces there. Why did Jones allow this journalist to accompany him? Because he knew that Woodward could be counted on to deliver the company line—the military line. In fact, Jones was essentially Woodward's patron.

The *New Republic's* Gabriel Sherman pointed out that when Sally Quinn and Ben Bradlee hosted a 50th-birthday party for Woodward's wife, reporter Elsa Walsh, "Jones was a guest of Woodward." According to Sherman, one attendee told him, "Woodward and Elsa were glued to Jones at the cocktail party before the dinner started."

In September 2009, McChrystal (or someone close to him) leaked a document to Woodward that essentially forced Obama's hand. The President wanted time to consider all options on what to do about Afghanistan. But the leak, publicizing the military's "confidential" assertion that a troop increase was essential, cast the die, and Obama had to go along. Nobody was happier than the Pentagon—and, it should be said, its allies in the vast military-contracting establishment.

FireDogLake.com chronicled the developments in a pungent essay: "Apparently General McChrystal and the Petraeus cabal aren't willing to wait for their Commander in Chief to set the strategy. Prior to the President's interviews, McChrystal's people were already telling journalists that they were 'impatient with Obama,' as Nancy Youssef reported. This 'Power Play'... included a veiled threat that McChrystal would resign if he didn't get his way.

"And, sure enough, just hours after the Commander in Chief was on the airwaves, somehow McChrystal's classified report hit the *Washington Post*... compliments of Bob Woodward, no less. Wow, what a coincidence!"

This episode highlights a crucial aspect of Woodward's career that has been ignored by most of the media. Simply put, Woodward is the military's man and always has been.

For almost four decades, under cover of his supposedly "objective" reporting, Woodward has represented the viewpoints of the military and intelligence establishments. Often he has done so in the context of complex inside maneuvering of which his readers have little clue.

Typically, Woodward uses information he obtains from his main sources (much of it self-serving) to gain access to others. He then gets more "secrets" from them, and so on down the

line. Woodward's unique persona as the main repository of this inside dope has been key to the relentless success machine that his media colleagues have perpetuated.

The *New York Times'* review of his recent book on President Obama laid out the formula: "In *Obama's Wars*, Mr. Woodward, as usual, eschews analysis and commentary. Instead, he hews to his I Am a Tape Recorder technique, using his insider access to give readers interested in inside-the-Beltway politics lots of granular detail. ... As he's done in his earlier books, Mr. Woodward acknowledges that attributions of 'thoughts, conclusions or feelings to a person' were in some cases not obtained directly from that person, but from 'notes or from a colleague whom the person told'—a questionable but increasingly popular method, which means the reader should take the reconstructed scenes

of the stereotypical daily print reporter with a deep suspicion of the establishment, particularly in the turbulent late '60s and early '70s. Midwestern and Republican, Woodward attended Yale University on an NROTC scholarship and then spent five years in the Navy. He had begun with a top-secret security clearance onboard the *USS Wright*, specializing in communications. Some of his duties involved communication with the White House.

Woodward's commanding officer was Rear Admiral Robert O. Welander, who would later be implicated in a well-documented military spy ring in the Nixon White House. That subterfuge, generally referred to as the Moorer-Radford affair, is a segment of American history that is known to serious researchers and documented in numerous books but still somehow almost completely missing from the

narrative typically offered to the public.

It involves a behind-the-scenes power struggle pitting Nixon against

his former allies in the military, intelligence and corporate worlds. It is this struggle that begins to reveal the outlines of a larger battle over the Presidency and democracy itself. It leads to truths so deeply disturbing that the general reaction has been—and continues to be—denial by those who decide what books and interpretations get heavy publicity and the stamp of establishment approval.

According to the 1991 book *Silent Coup*, Len Colodny and Robert Gettlin's exhaustive study of the aforementioned military espionage scandal, Woodward left his ship in 1969 and arrived in

For almost four decades, under cover of his supposedly "objective" reporting, Woodward has represented the viewpoints of the military and intelligence establishments.

with a grain of salt."

And then, thanks to all this attention and even with that grain of salt, *Obama's Wars* went to number one.

Bob Woodward's stature as the world's most acclaimed investigative journalist is almost entirely based on his helping to end the Presidency of the reviled Richard Nixon. As the saying goes, the past is prologue, and that long-ago affair turns out to have direct relevance to events besieging another President, Barack Obama. For a sense of how, we go back to the beginnings of Woodward's journalistic career.

The young Woodward did not fit the profile

Watergate scandal-breakers Carl Bernstein (far left) and Woodward reunited in June 2002 with Ben Bradlee, former executive editor (and currently the vice-president-at-large) at the *Washington Post*.



PHOTO COURTESY RUBEN GAMARRA/NEWS.COM

Washington, D.C. There he worked on the staff of Admiral Thomas Moorer, chief of Naval operations, again as a communications officer, this time one who provided briefings and documents on national security matters to top brass in the White House. Colodny and Gettlin wrote that Woodward frequently walked through the basement offices of the West Wing with documents from Admiral Moorer to General Alexander Haig, who served under Henry Kissinger—then Nixon's National Security Advisor.

In a 2008 interview with me, Woodward categorically denied having any intelligence connections. He also denied having worked in the White House or having provided briefings there. "It's a matter of record in the Navy what I did, what I didn't do," Woodward said. "And this Navy intelligence, Haig and so forth, you know, I'd be more than happy to acknowledge it if it's true. It just isn't. Can you accept that?"

Journalist Len Colodny, however, has produced audiotapes of interviews by his *Silent Coup* coauthor Robert Gettlin with Admiral Moorer, former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, Pentagon spokesman Jerry Friedheim and even with Woodward's own father, Al, discussing Bob's White House service.

At a minimum, Woodward's entry into journalism received a valuable outside assist, according to an account provided by Harry Rosenfeld, a retired *Washington Post* editor, to the *Saratogian* newspaper in 2004:

"Bob had come to us on very high recommendations from someone in the White House. He had been an intelligence officer in the Navy and had served in the Pentagon. He had not been exposed to any [major] newspaper."

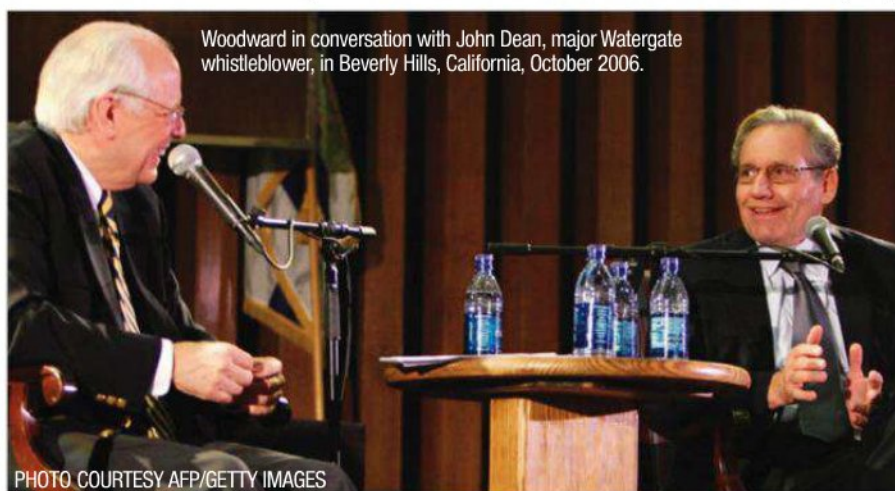
In 2008, after I spoke to Woodward, I reached Rosenfeld. He remembered that Woodward had been recommended by Paul Ignatius, the *Post*'s president, who previously had served as President Lyndon B. Johnson's secretary of the Navy.

In a subsequent interview, Ignatius told me: "It's possible that somebody asked me about him, and it's possible that I gave him a recommendation. I don't remember initiating anything, but I can't say I didn't." When I asked Ignatius how a top Pentagon administrator such as himself would even have known of a lowly lieutenant—Woodward's rank back in those days—he said he did not recall.

Yet even with this apparent high-level pressure to hire Woodward, the editors couldn't justify putting in a complete novice. So Woodward

was packed off to a Maryland-based weekly—the *Montgomery County Sentinel*—for a spell, then hired at the *Post* in September 1971. The eminent paper itself is steeped in intelligence connections. The *Post*'s owners, the Graham family, were aficionados of the apparatus and good friends of top spies such as longtime CIA Director Allen Dulles. Both the late publisher Philip Graham and Woodward's boss and confidant, editor Ben Bradlee, had served in military intelligence during World War II.

As for Woodward's initial introduction to the newspaper, nobody seems to have questioned whether a recommendation from someone in the White House would be an appropriate reason for the *Post* to hire a reporter. Nor does anyone from the *Post* appear to have put a rather obvious two and two together by noting that Woodward made quick work of bringing down the President of the United States, a feat that might have led to speculation about who at the White House had recommended Woodward in the first place—and with what motivation.



Woodward in conversation with John Dean, major Watergate whistleblower, in Beverly Hills, California, October 2006.

PHOTO COURTESY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

There was this, however: After Nixon aide Charles Colson met with Senator Howard Baker (the ranking Republican on the Senate Watergate Committee) and his staff—including legal counsel (and future senator) Fred Thompson—he recounted the session in a previously unpublished memo: "The CIA has been unable to determine whether Bob Woodward was employed by the Agency. The Agency claims to be having difficulty checking personnel files. Thompson says he believes the delay merely means that they don't want to admit Woodward was in the Agency. Thompson wrote a lengthy memo to Baker... complaining about the CIA's noncooperation, the fact that they were supplying material piecemeal and had been very uncooperative."

Senator Baker sent this 1974 memo directly to CIA Director William Colby with a cover note, and within a matter of a few hours an incensed Woodward called Baker. The memo had been immediately leaked to the *Post* reporter.

Woodward's good connections helped generate a series of exclusive-access interviews that would result in rapidly produced best-

sellers. One was *Veil: The Secret Wars of the CIA, 1981-1987*, a controversial book that relied in part, Woodward claimed, on a deathbed interview—not recorded—with former Director of Central Intelligence William Casey. (Casey's widow and former CIA guards said the interview never took place.)

The 543-page book, which came out as George H.W. Bush was seeking the Presidency in 1988, contained no substantive mentions of any role on the part of Poppy Bush in these "secret wars," although Bush was both Vice President with a portfolio for covert ops and a former CIA director. Bush, like Woodward, had served in top-secret Naval operations in his younger days. *Veil* relied on Navy Admiral Bobby Ray Inman, a rival of Casey's, as its key source. (Inman, a Texan, was closely identified with the Bush clan.)

Asked how it was possible to leave George H.W. Bush out of such a detailed account of covert operations during his Vice Presidency, Woodward replied, "Bush was, well, I don't think

he was—what was it he said at the time? 'I was out of the loop'?"

Woodward went on to be blessed with unique access to another Bush, Poppy's son George W. Bush—a President who did not grant a single interview to America's top newspaper, the *New York Times*, for nearly half his administration. This favoritism and the resulting exclusivity guaranteed a series of automatic smash bestsellers. Woodward would also draw attention to himself for knowing about the administration's role in leaking the identity of CIA undercover officer Valerie Plame but not writing or saying anything about it despite an ongoing investigation and media tempest. When this was revealed, Woodward issued an apology to the *Post*.

To its credit, in the '60s the *Washington Post* had staffers doing some of the best reporting on the intelligence establishment. Perhaps the most revealing work came prior to Nixon's tenure, while Woodward was still a Naval officer. In a multipart, front-page series by Richard Harwood in early 1967, the *Post* began reporting the extent to which the CIA had penetrated civil institutions not just abroad, but at home as well. As Harwood wrote, "Intellectuals, students, educators, trade unionists, journalists and professional men had to be reached directly through their private concerns [organizations]."

"Journalists" too. Woodward's Watergate reporting partner, Carl (continued on page 73)

**GIRL IN THE
BLUE DRESS**

SYREN SEXTON & CHARLES DERA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL FOR SUZE.NET

Dr. Hal Barthelme (**Charles Dera**) had been fantasizing about the girl in the blue dress (**Syren Sexton**) for weeks. He had first seen her, under most unusual circumstances, while riding the subway. Dr. Hal was performing an emergency tracheotomy on a stricken passenger when he glanced up briefly, only to be met by the mysterious girl's sullen gaze. The urge to follow her off of the subway car was strong, but the physician was incapable of abandoning a patient in need. Desire would have to wait.

Dr. Hal spotted the doll again: at the opera, at the spoon museum, at the riverfront absinthe bar. On each occasion she was wearing the same dress and somehow managed to slip away before he could introduce himself.

Fate, however, finally intervened. Summoned to a posh house way up in the hills, Dr. Hal found the front door unlocked. The girl in the blue dress was waiting for him. She said nothing, issued an ambiguous smile and unzipped Dr. Hal's trousers. Before he could stammer out a greeting, the iconic blue dress was discarded, and the good doctor's cock was inside her. They fucked for hours. Many orgasms later the seductress wordlessly donned her dress and walked out the door.

Dr. Hal waited, but she never returned. When the owners of the hillside home came back, Dr. Hal learned that the girl didn't even live there. He drove home in a daze, half listening to an old Tom Petty song on the radio, his mind endlessly replaying the day's events.















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(continued from page 62)

Bernstein, later wrote about the remarkable extent of the CIA's penetration of newsrooms, detailing numerous examples in a 1977 *Rolling Stone* article. As for the *Post* itself, Bernstein wrote: "When *Newsweek* was purchased by the Washington Post Company, publisher Philip L. Graham was informed by Agency officials that the CIA occasionally used the magazine for cover purposes, according to CIA sources. 'It was widely known that Phil Graham was somebody you could get help from,' said a former deputy director of the Agency. Some *Newsweek* correspondents and stringers continued to maintain covert ties with the Agency into the 1970s, CIA sources said.

"Information about Agency dealings with the *Washington Post* newspaper is extremely sketchy. According to CIA officials, some *Post* stringers have been CIA employees, but these officials say they do not know if anyone in the *Post* management was aware of the arrangements."

When the Watergate burglary story broke in 1972, Bob Woodward got the assignment, in part, his editor Barry Sussman recalled, because he never seemed to leave the building. "I worked the police beat all night," Woodward said in an interview with authors Tom Rosenstiel and Amy S. Mitchell, "and then I'd go home—I had an apartment five blocks from the *Post*—and sleep for a while. I'd show up in the newsroom around ten or 11 and work all day too. People complained I was working too hard."

So when the bulletin came in, Woodward was there. The result was a front-page account revealing that E. Howard Hunt's name appeared in the address book of one of the burglars and that a check signed by Hunt had been found in the pocket of another burglar, who was Cuban. It went further: Hunt, Woodward reported, worked as a consultant to White House counsel Charles Colson.

Yes, Woodward played a key role in tying the Watergate burglars to Nixon. Woodward would later explain in *All the President's Men* (coauthored with Bernstein) that to find out more about Hunt he had "called an old friend and sometimes source who worked for the federal government." His friend did not like to be contacted at his office and "said hurriedly that the break-in case was going to 'heat up,' but he couldn't explain and hung up."

Thus began Woodward's relationship with "Deep Throat," that mysterious source who, Woodward would later report, served in the executive branch of government and had access to information in the White House and Nixon's reelection campaign committee.

Based on tips from Deep Throat, Woodward and Bernstein began to "follow the money," writing stories in September and October 1972 on a political "slush fund" linked to Nixon's reelection committee. One story reported that the fund had financed the bugging of the Democratic Party's Watergate headquarters as well as other intelligence-gathering activities. Eventually, of course, this reporting played a key role in Nixon's forced departure from the White House in 1974. His successor,

(continued on page 106)



"Well, Congressman Simms, I haven't seen you since we were both sentenced to 300 hours of community service!"



"Girl, there is some lonely people in this world! Another dude just came in his pants during my pat-down!"

ARMANDO

THE DARK



***Blending nasty and sexy
has made this artist world renowned.***

Born in Mexico in 1969, Armando Huerta has had artistic leanings for as long as he can remember.

"My mother was always my biggest supporter," he explains. "She always encouraged me by buying art books, drawing materials, putting me in school—anything. She didn't care what I was drawing; she just loved my work."

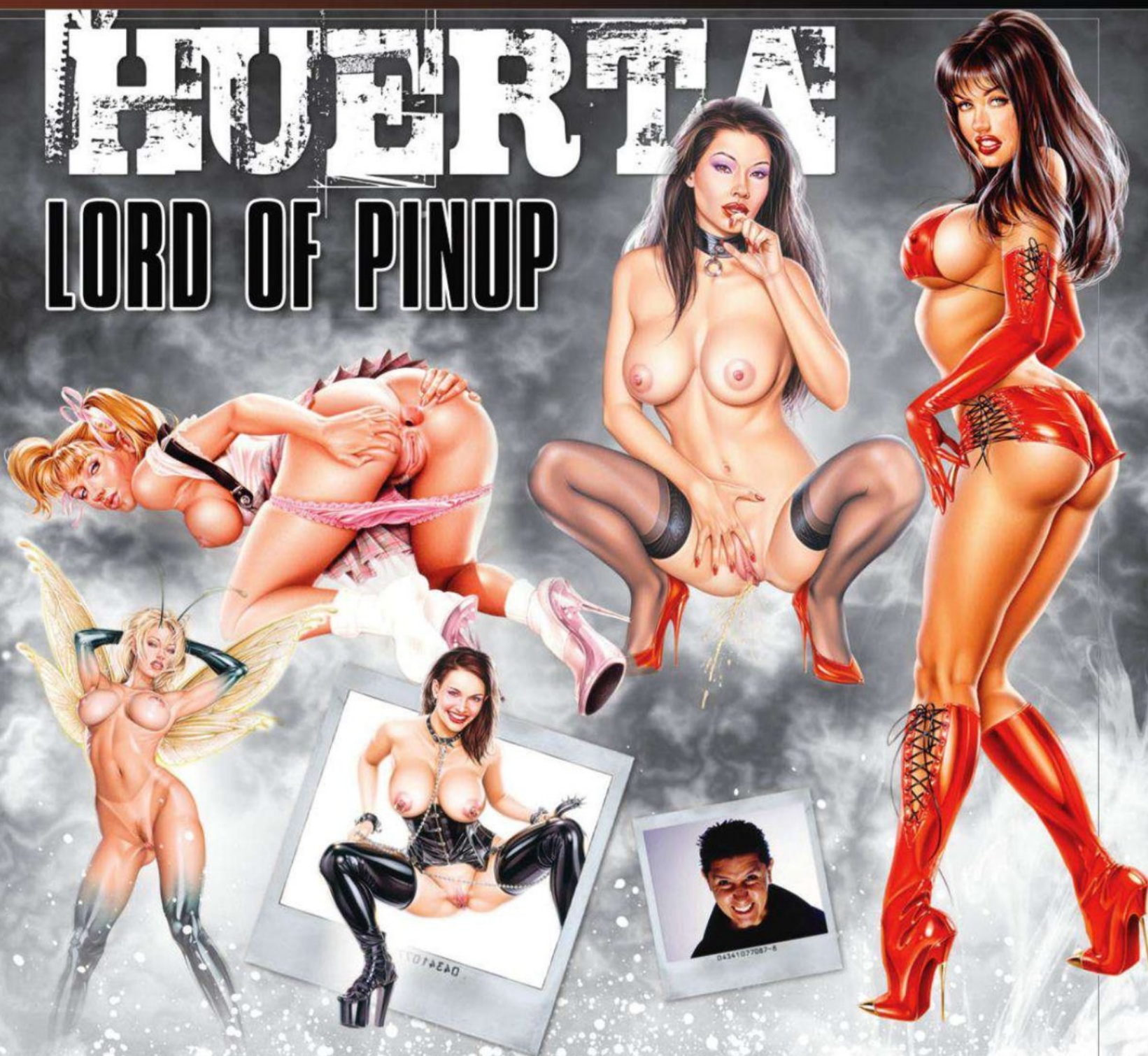
With barely any formal training, Huerta launched his career as a graphic designer for clients like Coca-Cola and the Latin American editions of popular men's magazines. But a book featuring the pinups of legendary Olivia De Beradinis inspired Huerta to learn airbrushing, her preferred medium. He took a class at Universidad Autónoma Metropolitana and has since devoted all his energy to drawing provoca-

tive, tantalizing women. "I prefer the classic style, like Olivia," he says. "White background, sexy pose that emphasizes everything—face, body. Beautiful."

Hoping to impress potential U.S. clients, Huerta began sending out samples of his amazing work from Mexico to anybody he thought might hire him—without copyright protection. "I was young and determined to make a name for myself," he recalls. "I

HUERTA

LORD OF PINUP



didn't think much about the business." As a result, others were affixing their names to Huerta's drawings and selling them as their own.

"It got so bad," he laments, "that I would go to Web sites to claim my own images, and people would laugh at me." Older and wiser—and now residing in Huntington Beach, California—Huerta started his own Web site to display his dazzling creations and solicit commissions. "No more shady managers or middlemen for me," he quips.

"The process of a painting starts with a concept or idea, say, a devil girl," explains Huerta, who also was inspired by the

Japanese airbrush master Hajime Sorayama. "First I try to find a model who will portray this concept in the best way. Once I find the right girl, I shoot photos of her myself or use photos she already has. Next, I select the best pose, and then I do a brief sketch."

Huerta continues: "I then trace the sketch on the illustration board and draw a black and white version of the painting with full detail. This is the most important part because I achieve the realism with the pencil rather than the airbrush. After spraying the pencils with fixer, I apply the main color areas with the airbrush—not covering the pencil but adding color to it. Finally, I finish

everything with a fine paint brush."

Because the process takes about a full day to complete, Huerta's pinups are rather expensive. But to the discerning collector, they're worth every penny. "My art is my life," Huerta declares. "Ideally I wish I could have one steady patron who would take care of the money end of it permanently. Then you would see my best work. But until then I am more than happy to be able to make a living this way."

For more, visit Armando-Huerta.com.

Originally from Chicago, Aslum Khan is a Los Angeles-based freelance writer, blogger and movie aficionado.



UNBRIDLED ENTHUSIASM



BIBI JONES



BiBi Jones feels like a new woman. The former Britney Beth adopted a fresh moniker to commemorate her addition to Digital Playground's stable of contract stars, and **BiBi** couldn't be more thrilled about her future. "I'm so excited!" she yelps. "The company has some amazing girls right now, and I can't wait to fuck all of them!"

Although her catchy new name was inspired by a character in the 1981 James Bond film *For Your Eyes Only*, **BiBi** wouldn't make much of a secret agent. "I'm kind of an open book," she reckons. "I'd rather say what's on my mind and be myself than try to put on an act. The truth is, I'm just a normal 19-year-old slut who likes to suck and fuck!"

Up for testing **BiBi**'s candor, we ask the babe to dish out her wildest sexual fantasy. "I want to be gang-banged by more than 15 guys," she responds without hesitation. "It hasn't happened yet, but my pussy is getting wet just thinking about it. The more dick I have in me, the happier I'll be!"



BiBi, who began working in the industry right after she turned 18, has enjoyed one happy life. "I had an amazing childhood growing up in Oklahoma, a very stable household," she recalls. "I have so many good memories, but I was ready for something new."

BIBI JONES'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Oklahoma City, Oklahoma | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-6 | WEIGHT: 110









Thankfully, working in the XXX arena hasn't done anything to diminish the hottie's impressive libido. "I crave sex all the time," she confesses. "More, more, more!"

We have no doubts that, whatever the beautiful **BiBi** wants out of life, she won't have much trouble getting it.



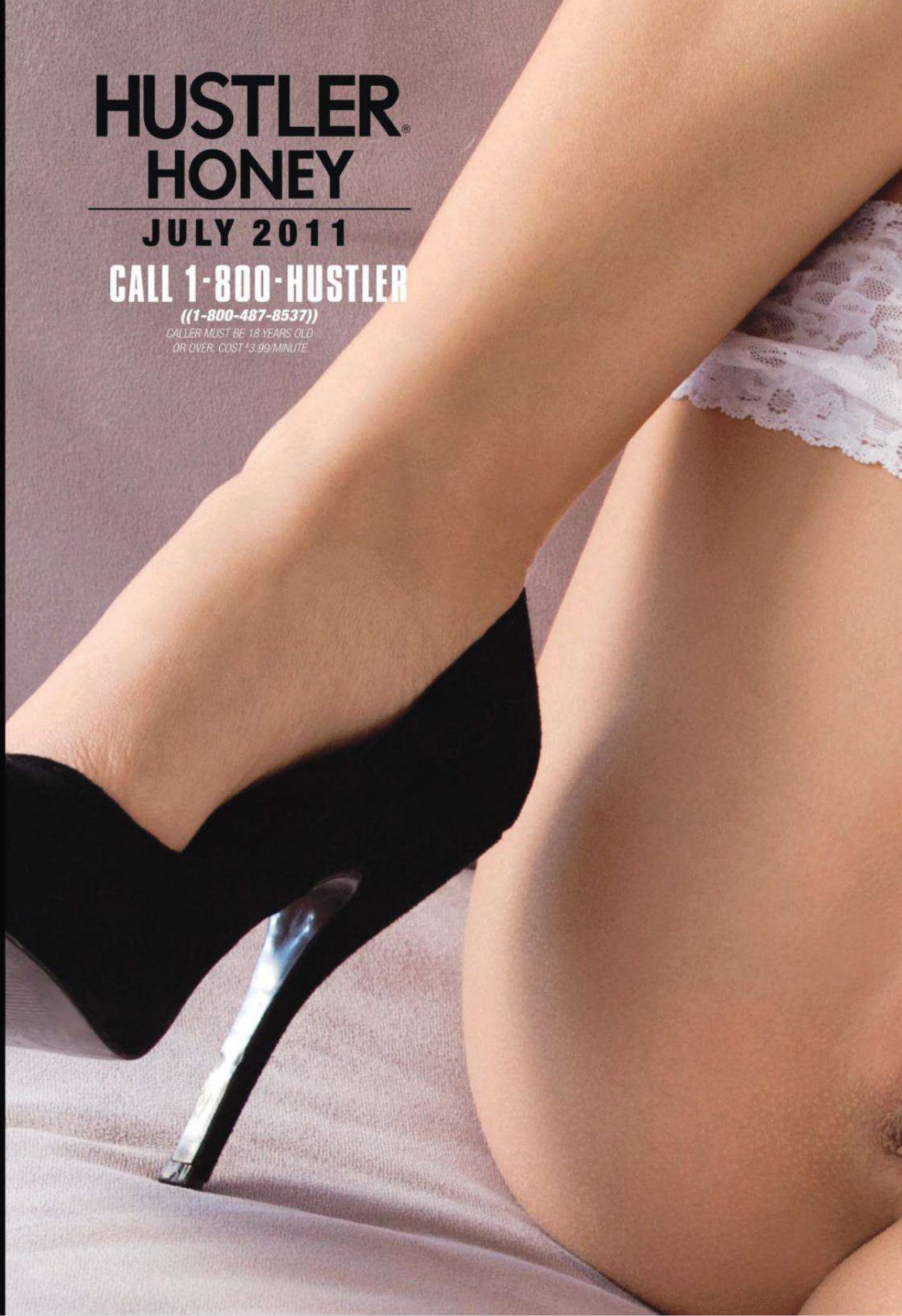
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JULY 2011

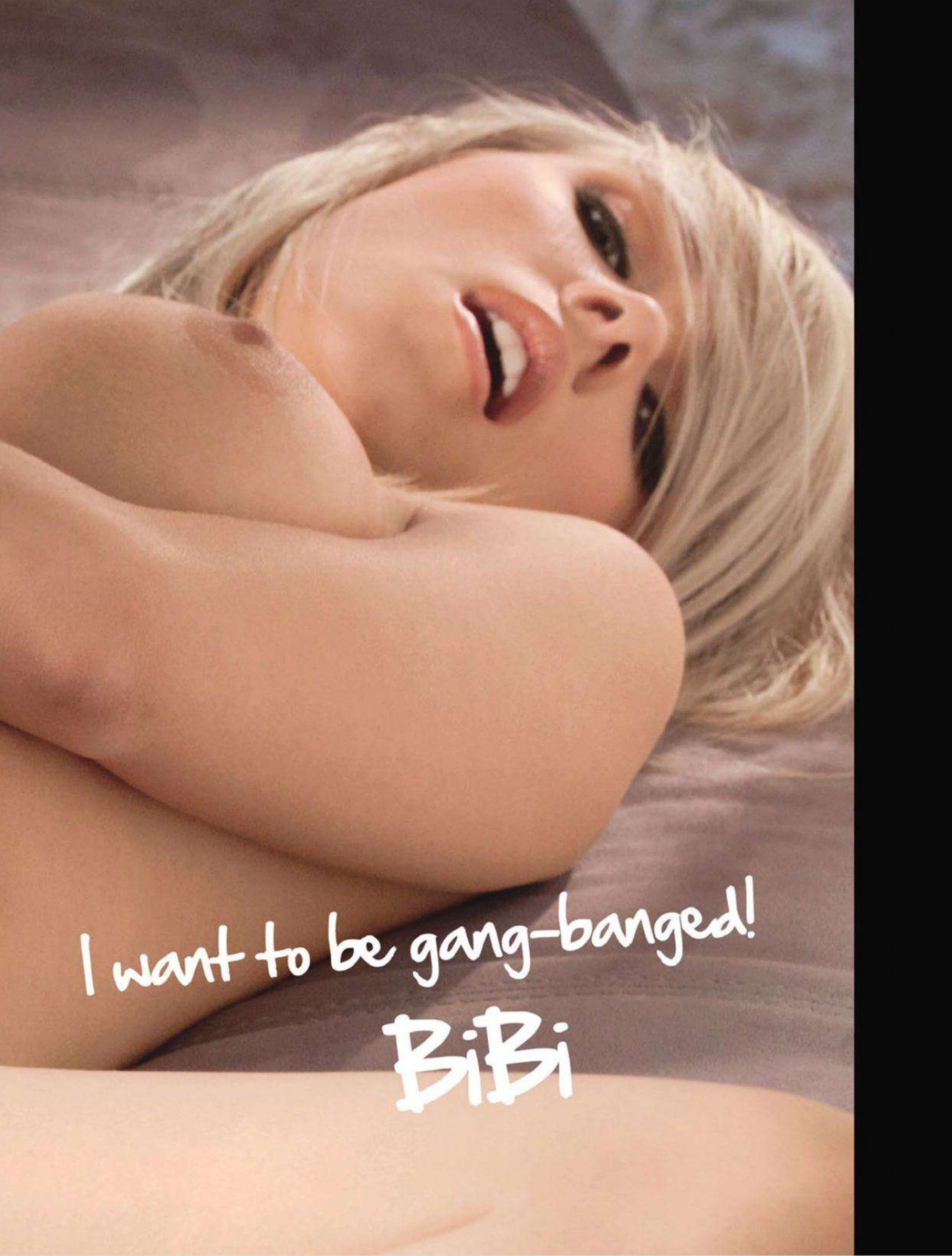
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I want to be gang-banged!

BiBi

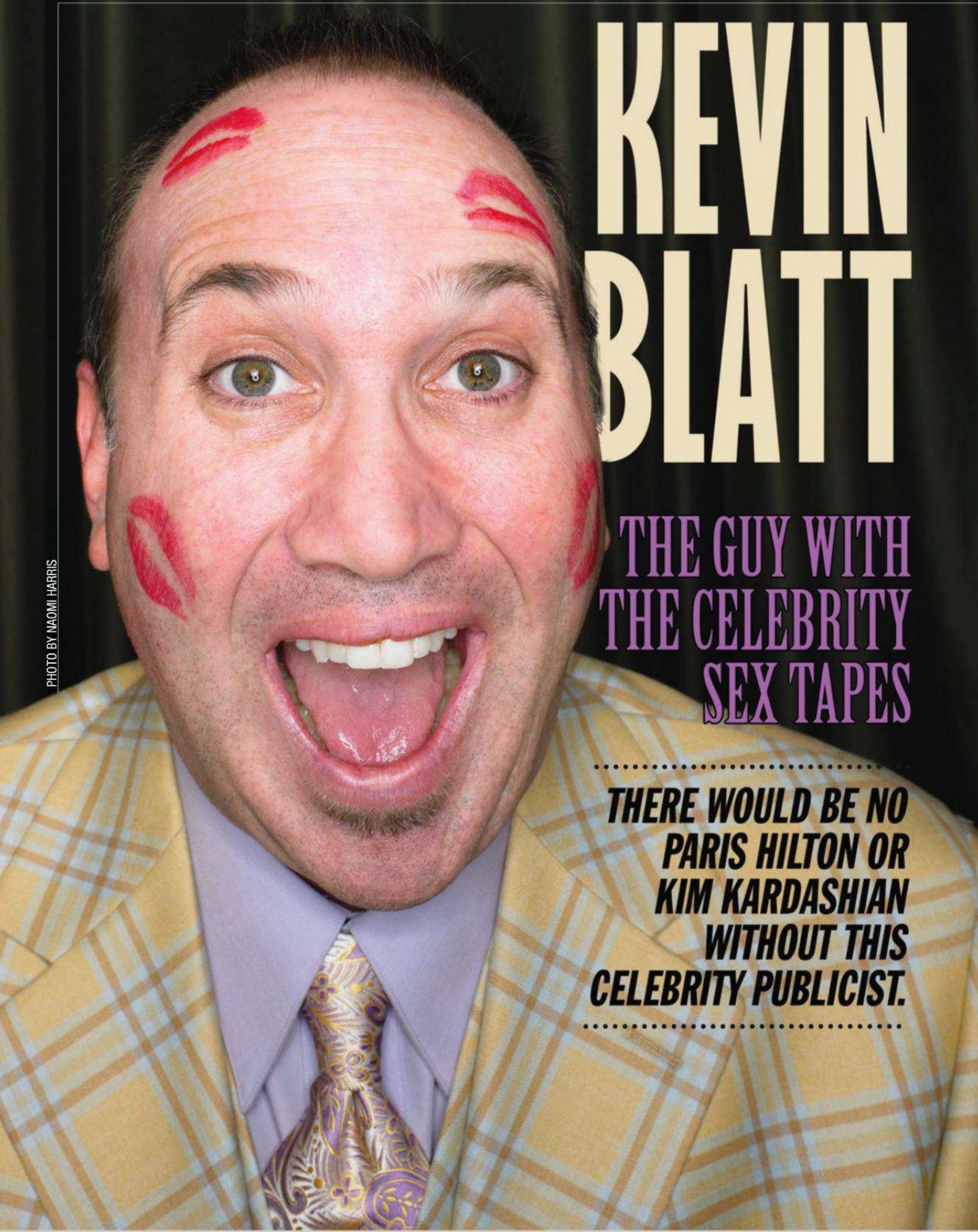
BY SCOTT FAYNER

KEVIN BLATT

THE GUY WITH
THE CELEBRITY
SEX TAPES

.....
**THERE WOULD BE NO
PARIS HILTON OR
KIM KARDASHIAN
WITHOUT THIS
CELEBRITY PUBLICIST.**
.....

PHOTO BY NAOMI HARRIS



Kevin Blatt made party girl Paris Hilton famous by promoting her sex tape back in 2003. Today Blatt's status as the "celebrity sex tape broker" has attached him to such names as Vern Troyer (Mini-Me in *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me*), Leighton Meester (*Gossip Girl*), rocker Dave Navarro (Jane's Addiction) and actor Colin Farrell (*Minority Report*, *Phone Booth*). Now for the first time Blatt—who describes himself as an "accidental pornographer" and the "P.T. Barnum of pussy"—discusses his rise to fame, pseudocelebrities wanting to cash in on the sex-tape craze and Kim Kardashian, who he says participated in a videotaped golden shower.

HUSTLER: Is it true you once had the job of promoting porn star Houston's labia?

KEVIN BLATT: Yeah, I met her on a cruise ship in 1999. She was talking about how her pussy lips were so big that she had to stuff them into her bikini bottom. She wanted to get labia-reduction surgery to repair it. Earlier that year, 2.5 million people watched Carnie Wilson get her stomach stapled live on the Internet, and I told Houston that we should do the same for her operation.

We ended up on Howard Stern's show promoting the subscriber-only online event. The operation was disgusting. I learned that, sure, guys love pussy, but they will not pay \$29.95 to watch one get mutilated over the Internet. But it did put me on the map enough to get the Paris [Hilton] gig.

How did that come about?

Basically, some guy [Ian Eisenberg] contacted me and asked if I'd publicize a sex tape featuring a chick named Paris Hilton. He knew he would eventually get a cease-and-desist letter, but he wanted to get a ton of traffic to his business associate's porn Web site. My job was to send the [night vision] clip to certain people and promote it. I sent it to *Us Weekly* and *Entertainment Tonight*. Someone showed it to someone who showed it to someone, and before you knew it, the tape became a viral media sensation.

How did Paris and her costar Rick Solomon take the news?

I was sued for 10 million bucks! Turns out that the guy trying to sell the sex tape was a former roommate of Solomon's named Donald Thrasher, who sold the tape to a Seattle-based company for 50 grand and a third of the back-end profits. [Editor's Note: This company owned the aforementioned Web site and hired Blatt as its frontman to broker the Hilton tape.] Thrasher never got a cent because we all got sued. There were no signed releases from either Paris or Rick, and you can't release a tape without them.

Next thing I know there's a ton of news trucks outside my house asking about this Paris Hilton sex tape. Sometime during the lawsuits, Rick called Paris and said, "Hey, let's make some money from this. We can make a better-quality

tape and put it out ourselves." But here's an exclusive: The "new" footage they shot for the *1 Night in Paris* video was actually older than the lights-out, night-vision scene, despite what you've read. Next, according to Rick, he went to Larry Flynt first with the Paris footage, and Larry needed proof that it was in fact her on the screen before he would buy it for the \$1 million asking price. In the end, David Joseph over at Red Light District was the first to fork over the money.

Got any idea how much money the tape has made to date?

I'd estimate that the Paris Hilton sex tape has made anywhere between \$15 million and \$25 million total. Including their \$1 million up front, Paris and Rick have probably split around \$14 million so far.

Didn't you also have a role in the Kim Kardashian Superstar sex tape?

Yeah. Ray J [a popular rapper] came to me with it. Kim had this dream of becoming a star, he told me, and she was willing to put the tape out for free just for the publicity. But Ray J was tired of being known only as Brandy's little brother and Snoop Dogg's cousin. He convinced Kim they should sell the tape instead, and that's when I got involved. Next thing I know, Joe Francis [*Girls Gone Wild* producer] introduced them to Vivid Video's Steven Hirsch. They had cut out the middleman. Frankly, I think the tape is a rip-off; it's the same footage looped over and over again. There was some great footage of Ray J pissing on Kim that was never released.

As you mentioned, if a sex tape gets released, the performers must grant their consent.

You must have permission to put out any tape depicting sex. Absolutely. In porn we need a 2257 release form, which is two forms of ID and a model release. [Editor's Note: 2257 refers to a government recordkeeping statute.] If you don't have them, you can't put out a tape. I know it ruins the fantasy of some movie star being taped unknowingly and then fighting against the release of that tape, but that's the truth. Paris denied ever making money off her tape. That's bullshit. It was my job to create the impression that she was upset about the release.

Name some celebrity sex tapes that were too disgusting to watch.

Vern Troyer is the worst to date. When he goes down on his ex-girlfriend, it looks like a fetus trying to reenter a womb. When I brought it to TMZ, everyone ran out of the

room in horror, but kept coming back to look 'cause it had such a carnivalesque aspect to it. I ended up getting sued over that one too. Tom Sizemore's sex tape was really scary—method-out, wearing bicycle shorts, throwing dildos at hookers. He loves to eat ass, that's for sure.

Do pseudocelebrities constantly send you sex tapes?

All the time. Someone will call me up and say they have a sex tape of some B-list celebrity. It could be a VH1 *Real Chance of Love* flunky or actor Scott Baio's onscreen girlfriend from some long-forgotten television show. But there's no money in those tapes. There's no money in male celebrity sex tapes either. Even the Colin Farrell tape didn't sell. There are only so many gay men and straight women who'll pay for something like that.

What happened with the reported Cameron Diaz sex tape?

I got a call from someone in Montenegro who said he had video and releases for a sex tape of then-18-year-old Cameron Diaz. He wanted me to promote it on *Howard Stern*. I wasn't sure that he was serious, so I told him to wire me \$10,000 as a fee. The next day, not only was the money in my account, but his company had put out a press release about the sex tape with my name attached, saying how awesome I thought the tape was.

So Cameron sues me, and I get a huge law firm up my ass. She makes \$25 million a movie and has no problem making my life a living hell. I convince her lawyers that I had nothing to do with the tape and that I was willing to help them find out the source behind the tape. It turned out that the culprit was a photographer who was trying to extort Cameron for \$2 million. I actually testified in court against him.

Was it an explicit sex tape?

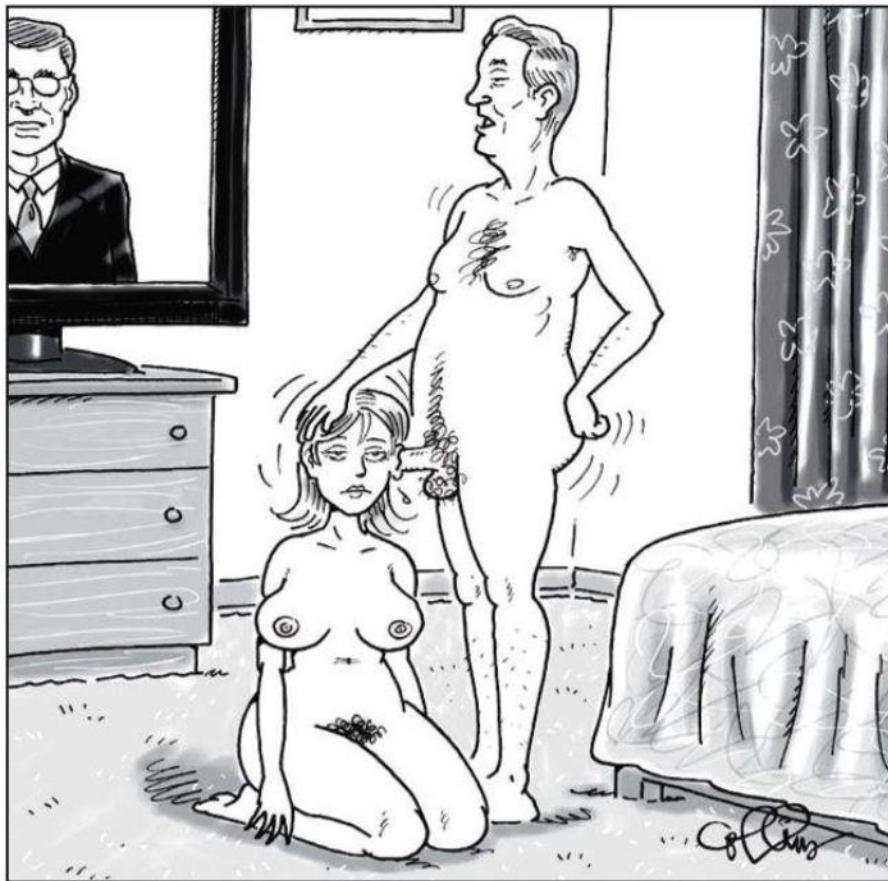
No, it was a modeling shoot that was video-



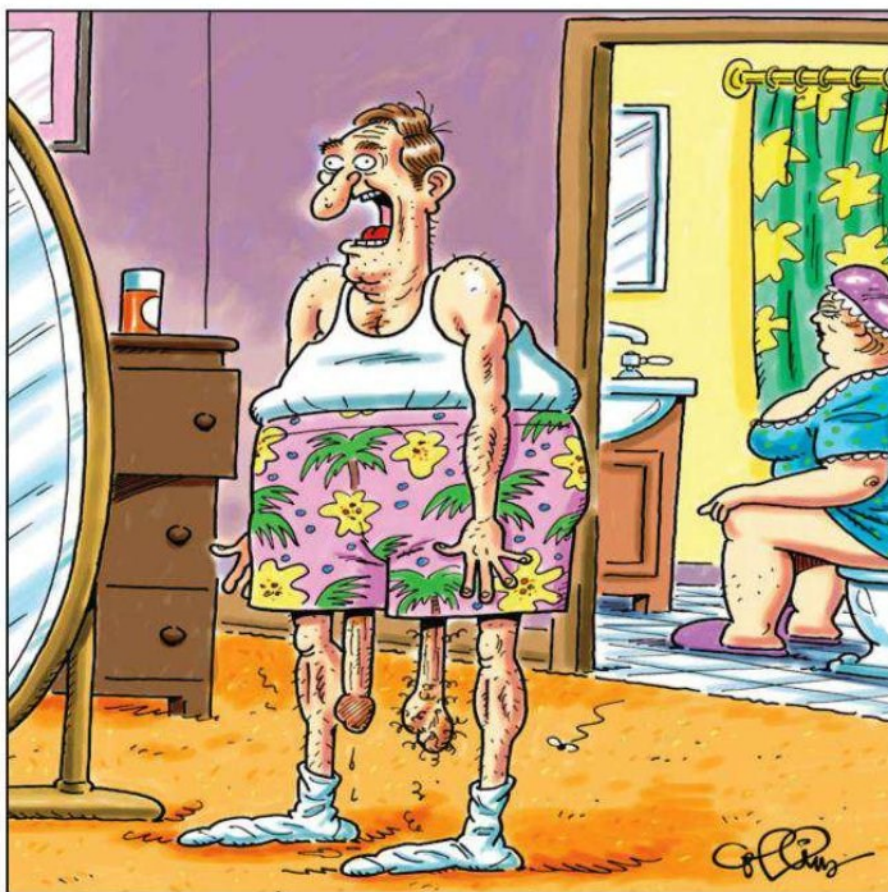
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PARIS HILTON PHOTO COURTESY FILMMAGIC



"Where do they get off saying Fox News viewers are the most misinformed viewers?"



"This is why I don't wear Bermuda shorts anymore!"

taped. Cameron was walking down the street in bondage gear. She was topless and leading some guy around on his hands and knees. It wasn't a sex tape by today's standards. I actually met Cameron later, and she thanked me for my help.

Which high-level celebrity sex tapes would you most like to see come across your desk?

A Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie tape would be huge. Jay-Z and Beyoncé. Jennifer Aniston, Jennifer Lopez—any super famous actress would make a fortune. But they'd never sign off on a sex tape 'cause they don't need the money or the fame.

Have you also become the go-to guy to help keep sex tapes off the shelves and out of the tabloids?

Yeah, but I can't reveal those names since I signed confidentiality agreements. I've worked with pro athletes, rappers, actors, actresses and movie producers to help keep knowledge of their sex tapes out of the media. Many of these sex tapes involve famous men in compromising positions with other guys. That can cause havoc even if no one ever sees them; just the notion that a squeaky-clean celebrity has a scandalous gay sex tape is enough to kill endorsements.

Why do you think celebrities allow themselves to be involved in sex-tape scandals?

When celebrities make massive amounts of money, they feel they're above the law. Tiger Woods is a great example. Has he ever heard of prepaid cell phones? Did he really need to send incriminating texts from his own phone? So many celebrities are getting caught with their pants down. Literally. I get calls all the time from women who have video of some drunk quarterback pulling his dick out at a club, and they're looking to cash in. But again, without consent, it is illegal to put these videos out. I'm an ethical pornographer, you see, and far too pretty for jail.

Massachusetts native Scott Fayner currently resides in Boston, where he primarily writes about porn and pooches—but never at the same time. Besides contributing to *HUSTLER*, *K9 Magazine*, *Technology Review* and other media, Fayner quarterbacks his online dog publication **MassArf.com**.

PHOTO COURTESY KEVIN BLATT

PORN'S BIGGEST PARTY

XXX STARS AND THEIR
AWESTRUCK FANS
CONVERGE ON LAS VEGAS
FOR AVN'S 28TH HOEDOWN.

1. Evan Stone gets cheeky with Shyla Stylez 2. Female Performer of the Year Tori Black 3. Digital Playground girls Jesse Jane, Riley Steele, Selena Rose, Kayden Kross, BiBi Jones and Stoya 4. Savannah Stern 5. Jesse Jane 6. Vicky Vette 7. Dave Navarro and Aiden Ashley 8. Stoya and BiBi Jones 9. Jenna Haze and Asa Akira 10. Wicked's Real Dolls 11. HUSTLER Creative Director Michael Richardi and Laura Levites 12. Jessica Drake 13. Lisa Ann 14. Awards hostess Lisa Lampanelli with Tori Black and Riley Steele 15. Lizz Tayler, Tommy Gunn and Danica Dillan 16. Tera Patrick 17. Ron Jeremy and RayVeness 18. Best Actresses Andy San Dimas and India Summer 19. Breanne Benson with her favorite magazine 20. Stormy Daniels 21. Bluebird Films chicks 22. Teagan Presley 23. Lupe Fuentes

PHOTOS BY BIG MIKE, CARY RADCLIFFE, J.R. REYNOLDS, K.K. LE ROQUE, HEW BURNEY AND EMMREPORT.COM

Las Vegas is known for gambling, sex and debauchery. Hell, someone even came up with the moniker Sin City. Every January the place really lives up to its nickname. That's when the AVN Adult Entertainment Expo and Awards Show take over the Vegas Strip.

Although floor space at the Sands convention center was smaller this year (fucking economy!), nothing could stop the throngs of rabid fans from flying in from around the world to meet and greet their favorite porn stars. On hand for the 2011 extravaganza were some of the biggest

names in the adult industry: Jesse Jane, Lisa Ann, Stormy Daniels, Faye Reagan, Kayden Kross, Sophie Dee, Jessica Drake and Lupe Fuentes just to name a few, plus legends Jill Kelly, Nina Hartley and Ron Jeremy.

Unlike most gatherings where fans have to pay through the nose for every autograph or photo-op with their XXX fantasy figures, those things are free at AVN's annual expos. Sure, you have to pay around a hundred bucks to gain access for the two days, but you can literally greet and grope

more porn stars in that time than you ever would have imagined possible.

If an endless parade of eye candy isn't enough incentive, the expo also features booths full of products, lotions and sex toys you can buy and try at home. Our favorites included detailed candles shaped like people having sex and Wicked Pictures' line of fuckable Real Dolls, each modeled after one of its contract girls in stunning detail.

Like its predecessors, the three-day event ended with a bang in the form of the AVN Awards Show. Dubbed "the Oscars of

2

6

12

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1



Porn," this big-budget presentation salutes the best and brightest in the skin biz. Where else will you see a crying woman thank God and her mother while receiving the award for "Best Interracial Anal Gang-Bang"?! Dirty comedienne Lisa Lampanelli hosted this year's gala, which was held at the Palms casino. Some of the big winners were:

Gracie Glam, Best New Starlet; **Tori Black**, Female Performer of the Year; **Riley Steele**, Crossover Star of the Year; **Lexi Belle**, Best Supporting Actress; **Julia Ann**, MILF/Cougar of the Year; **Joanna Angel**, Best Porn Star Web

site; **Kelly Madison**, Best Web Star; **Brad Armstrong**, Best Feature Director; **Evan Stone**, Male Performer of the Year; **Tom Byron**, Best Actor; **Speed**, Best Feature; **Batman XXX: A Porn Parody**, Best Comedy Parody.

HUSTLER Video took home trophies for Best Adult 3D Release (*This Ain't Avatar XXX*), Best Actress (**Andy San Dimas**, *This Ain't Glee XXX*), Best Alternative Release (*Teasers: Extreme Public Adventures*), Best Young Girl Series (*Barely Legal*) as well as Best Musical Soundtrack and Best Original Song (*This Ain't Glee XXX*).

Also honored was the AVN Hall of Fame's Class of 2011. Inductees included **Belladonna**, **Gia Darling**, **Jada Fire**, **Jasmin St. Claire**, **Sinnamon Love**, **Savanna Samson**, **Axel Braun**, **Jules Jordan**, **Evan Stone**, **Ben Dover**, **Bridgette Kerkove**, **Miles Long**, **Sonny Malone**, **Pat Myne** and **Scott St. James**.

Make your travel and hotel reservations now so you won't miss your chance to get in on all the filthy fun at the 2012 AVN Expo. And remember: What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas. Except chlamydia. That you take home with you. We learned that the hard way. 🤒

THE DIRTY

12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

NELLY FURTADO The Best of

Launching her career as a neo-folkie, Lilith Fair-type singer-songwriter ("I'm Like a Bird"), Nelly Furtado evolved into a fiery funkster ("Powerless"), then became the perfect female foil for Timbaland ("Promiscuous"). All of her hits are here in this perfect profile of the Portuguese pop princess.



BLACK COUNTRY COMMUNION

Black Country Communion

In a time of overproduced rap and disposable pop that is better suited for ringtones than stereo speakers, B.C.C. steps in with an explosive rock record. The supergroup—comprising Glenn Hughes, Jason Bonham, Joe Bonamassa and Derek Sherinian—has created the greatest rock album of the past ten years!



TACK Porn Again

Tack knows how to get our attention. First, the band put superhot Bree Olson on the cover (and naked on the inside) of their new CD. Then they recorded a bunch of hard-rocking songs about sex. If you're into these kinds of things, you need *Porn Again*.



BEN FOLDS & NICK HORNBY

Lonely Avenue

On the surface it seems like an unlikely pairing: the new piano man of pop, Ben Folds, and British pop culture author Nick Hornby. But then if you listen closer, you realize having Folds put music to Hornby's short stories is brilliant! Our favorite is "Levi Johnston's Blues," a ditty about the trials and tribulations of the douchebag who knocked up Sarah Palin's daughter.



BILLY JOEL The Hits

Speaking of piano men, the original takes some time off from his self-imposed seclusion (and getting hip replacements) to release this best of. It focuses on some of the harder-rocking tunes in the hitmaker's canon. Looking back on his career kind of makes you long for new music from Billy Joel. Unless it's another classical CD. Man, no one wants that.



CURT SMITH

STRIPPED! DOWN! LIVE!

Relax. Singer Curt Smith of the multiplatinum English pop duo Tears for Fears isn't getting naked. After years of crafting hit songs like "Everybody Wants to Rule the World," "Shout" and "Sowing the Seeds of Love," he is trying something new. We sat down with the singer/songwriter to discuss his Internet music show *Stripped Down Live With Curt Smith*.

HUSTLER: How did the Web show come about?

CURT SMITH: The producer/director of the show, Mike Rotman, is also the executive producer of *Kevin Pollak's Chat Show*. When I was on Kevin's show as a guest, Mike and I got to talking about how there are no good music shows anymore. I used to be a huge fan of *The Old Grey Whistle Test*, which was a serious music show with an articulate host who knew what he was talking about. There is nothing like that around now.

Mike has started this network of shows that he broadcasts online from his garage, including *Stupid for Movies*. I decided to go into partnership with him and start this music show *Stripped Down Live*.

Do you worry about having an online show with the words *stripped down* in the title? People may mistake it for porn.

We were hoping. (Laughs.) The whole premise is that it's an acoustic show, so we went round and round as to what to call it. In the end we ended up picking whatever URL was free. "StrippedDownLive" was the one that was available, so it stuck.

What is the format of the show?

It's one artist per week, be it a band or solo artist. The two criteria for them to be on the show are that we have to like their music and that hopefully they're articulate. They play six to eight songs live acoustically without any backing tapes or drum machines. Then I sit in and do two interview segments with them. One segment is me asking my questions, the second is us taking questions from the Web. We have a chat room, and people can Skype in. We are following all the different social media, so people can ask questions live on air.

How do you decide what acts to book?

The show's not obviously going to suit manufactured bands as such because they can't do it acoustically. If they have a preponderance of auto-tuned vocals on their records, then they're not going to be able to do it either. It's not really a show for regular pop music as such. There has to be some depth to it.

Besides interviewing the artists, do you ever perform with them?

No. That's not really the premise because the show is not really about me as such. I want to make it about the artists. I did sing "Mad World" [Tears for Fears song] with Gary Jules because it made sense. And we just decided to do it on the spot. It was one of those things that happened.

Who's been on so far?

Gary Jules, Matthew Sweet, Peter Dinklage, Chris Pierce, Carina Round (who I love), All Day Sucker, Fitz & the Tantrums

DOZEN

DEADMAU5 4X4=12



Tommy Lee first tipped us to this electrodance dude who wears a giant illuminated mouse head. Deadmau5's new CD blends dance and New Wave. Think Daft Punk meets Kraftwerk and Gary Numan. Funky and cool as fuck. You gotta trust Tommy; he knows his shit.



ARSON ANTHEM Insecurity Notoriety

Metal! Metal! Metal! The unholy alliance of Phil Anselmo (Pantera), Hank Williams III, Mike Williams (Outlaw Order) and Collin Yeo has given birth to a dark, dank blend of thrash, punk and metal. This CD is so RAWK, it'll make your ears bleed. And you'll love it!

RYUICHI SAKAMOTO

Playing the Piano/Out of Noise

Best known for his soundtrack work (*The Last Emperor*), composer Ryuichi Sakamoto returns with a brilliant two-CD set of atmospheric genius. The first disc is an experimental trip through natural sound while the second contains stripped-down rerecordings of his greatest piano works.



THE MONKEES

Head—Deluxe Edition

For most of their career the Monkees lived up to the tag "the Pre-Fabricated Four"—a made-for-TV band cast to play songs written for them. Then came *Head*, the trippy experimental film starring the Monkees and Frank Zappa. This multi-disc set features rarities, outtakes and an interview with Davy Jones.



FAR EAST MOVEMENT

Free Wired

By now we know you've heard FEM's huge single "Like a G6." The song has sold 2 million downloads and is still going strong. Their dope debut CD is full of old-school hip-hop slamming headfirst into electronic dance music with undeniable results.



THE PIPETTES

Earth vs. the Pipettes

When this trio lost two of its original members, we figured that was that for the once-promising girl group. Instead of hanging it up, lead singer Gwenno Saunders reached out to her sister Ani and put together the Pipettes' most fully realized CD to date. Space age grooves and smooth vocals invade it.



BY KEITH VALCOURT

SIGHTS & SOUNDS

and the Daylights, this fantastic L.A.-based band.

Any dream artists you'd like to have on the show?

There're tons, but whether we get them or not is a different question. Lloyd Cole would be great. Julian Cope would be hilarious. Steve Martin the actor—I'm a big fan of his early musical stuff, "King Tut" and such, plus his banjo music. Even though it would be great to have some marquee, big-name artists on the show to draw viewers into discovering it, I view the show as an outlet for discovering new music. To me it's about newer bands that are great musicians and talented people who are not getting the coverage I think they deserve.

In the '80s there was a lot of production in music, including your band Tears for Fears. What is it about acoustic music that appeals to you now?

I think acoustic music shows the strength of a songwriter. Even though we had lots of production, and the people on the show are produced quite well, there is still a great song underneath all that. It's really a question of coming back to basics. All of Tears' songs were written acoustically. The production is a secondary thing because that's what we're into—making grander, bigger-sounding records. But it has to have a song behind it.

Does the interviewing come easy to you?

I hosted an MTV show for six months a long time ago, and I had a syndicated college radio show that had me interviewing people who came in to play live, so I've sort of done it before. This is more like coming into someone's living room to sit down and chat. If you've got

the subject matter, which is their songs and their music, then it's a bit easier to do.

What is Tears for Fears up to these days?

We're just sort of doing touring stuff right now. The music industry is sort of in this weird state of flux that no one knows how it's going to work itself out. We go out and tour two or three times a year for four weeks at a time.

Tears for Fears' last studio CD, *Everybody Loves a Happy Ending*, came out in 2004. Was that supposed to be the band's grand finale?

It was a talking point, but we never intended it to be the end as such. The title of the CD actually came about before we ever wrote a note of music. We just thought *Everybody Loves a Happy Ending* was hilarious in the nine or ten years we were separated after we did *The Seeds of Love*.

With the amount of people that would ask, "When are you getting back together?," we realized that no one likes things just to end. They want some sense of completion. It doesn't mean it's the last record we do, but there isn't one on the horizon. For now.

Are you working on a new solo CD?

I've done a couple of singles. The concept of it is doing tracks with people I find via social media, but we're never in the same place while we're doing them. It started with a track I did with [cellist and composer] Zoë Keating, and we met finally when she handed me the track she'd done. I think it takes the pressure away from them. The people I'm choosing bring a production value to it. I send them a rough mix of the song in a stripped-down form, and they do what they do without me sitting there. ■

Because You Can't Just Watch Porn

BOOKS THAT ROCK!



Sex, Drugs and Bon Jovi by Richard Bozzett

Long before they were respectable rock darlings with over 130 million records sold and millions of fans worldwide, they were five scrappy guys from New Jersey. This photo-packed book, written by Bon Jovi's tour manager (1983-89), Richard Bozzett, is the ultimate backstage pass to the band's journey from unknown openers to arena rock legends.



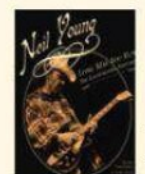
Stars & Guitars: The Guitars That Made 200 Rock Gods Famous by Michael Heatley

Where would Keith Richards, Jimmy Page, Slash and Brian May be without their favorite axes? This great book looks at 200 six-string superheroes and the instruments that made them rock so hard. From Keith to Kurt (Cobain) and Kirk (Hammett), all the greatest guitarists are here!



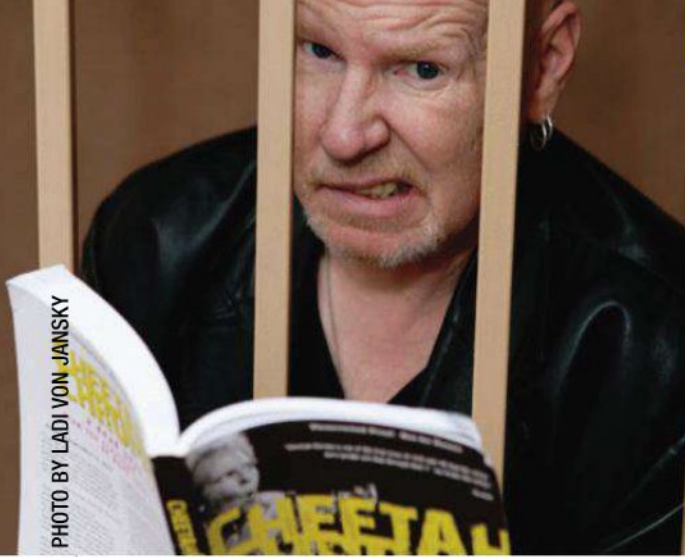
The Ultimate Metallica by Ross Halfin

Well-respected lensman Ross Halfin knows how to capture bands at their best (and worst). He has now collected hundreds of full-color photos depicting one of his favorite subjects: Metallica. Taken during concerts and off-stage, the striking images span the heavy metal group's 25-year history.



Neil Young: Long May You Run—The Illustrated History by Daniel Durchholz and Gary Graff

This stunning visual chronicle follows the Canadian singer from his earliest days with Buffalo Springfield through his time in Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young into his solo drugs years straight through today. A fascinating book for even the most casual of Neil Young fans.



CHEETAH CHROME

A DEAD BOY'S LIFE

Legendary Dead Boys guitarist Cheetah Chrome has written the definitive history on his life and the punk rock scene. We caught up with him to talk about the glory days at CBGB, the late Stiv Bators and his new band with Sylvain Sylvain of the New York Dolls.

HUSTLER: Why did you decide to write *Cheetah Chrome: A Dead Boy's Tale—From the Front Lines of Punk Rock*?

CHEETAH CHROME: I got talked into it by a girl I know, Michelle, who works for the publisher. Finally my wife said, "Maybe you ought to do a sample chapter." I ended up doing it, figuring they're not going to want to put it out. Then the sons of bitches liked it, so I had to write the *whole* book. (Laughs.)

Was it easy for you to look back at your punk rock past?

Fairly easy. The chronology was the hardest part. I remembered things happening but not *when* they happened. As far as being uncomfortable dealing with it? I've been dealing with it anyways, so putting it out in the book allowed me to close the door on that stuff. It was cool.

What was the Cleveland scene like when you were coming up?

There were three bands in town that played the kind of music we did. They played maybe one gig a year, and we didn't hang out together—so there wasn't a Cleveland scene. As soon as I left, there were 50 bands like us. (Laughs.) It became a very close-knit rock community, and I never got to be part of it.

There may not have been a scene, but Iggy & the Stooges came to play.

First time I got to meet my idol Iggy Pop was kinda strange. I waited for years to see the show. Then I completely destroyed the show by giving him a handful of Tuinals [downers] in the rest room before the show. I didn't really get to talk to him. He was already in the bag, so it was no great meeting of the minds. I had to live that one down among my friends for a long time.

Why did you pick the name Cheetah Chrome?

Cheetah was kind of always a nickname I had. I wanted to just be Cheetah, not even have a last name. Then Stiv [Bators] kept insisting I needed a last name. He was all into

numerology and stuff like that. He said, "Numerology with just Cheetah isn't good, but with Cheetah Chrome it's great!" I said, "Okay, if it means that much to you."

What do you remember about the first time you met Stiv Bators?

First time I met him he came to pick me up in his car, and he had a guitar case in the backseat. I asked, "What kind of guitar do you have in there?" He said, "Check it out. You're gonna love it." I opened it up, and there was no guitar in there. Instead there was a bottle of vodka, milk, grenadine—all the ingredients you needed to make Pink Squirrels of all things. (Laughs.) He would carry it in the club with him.

He was right: I loved that guitar! (Laughs.) At first you didn't see Stiv's wild side. Then bit by bit that devious mind came to the forefront.

What made the Dead Boys move from Cleveland to New York City?

Stiv had been going up to New York on these sort of scouting missions. He wanted us to get out of Ohio. He was always adventurous and would jump in the car with no money, drive up there and sleep in his car. He thought we would fit in. When the Ramones came through Cleveland, we met them, and Joey said we should play at CBGB. He had never even seen us play, but he could tell we knew what we were doing. He went to Hilly Kristal [CBGB's founder, booking agent and future Dead Boys manager], lied to him and said, "You got to see this band. They played with us in Cleveland. They're great!" I'm glad we didn't suck. (Laughs.)

What was that legendary CBGB scene really like?

There was a healthy competition between the bands. All the bands—Blondie, the Ramones, Talking Heads and Richard Hell—were all so good but all sounded different. So there was a lot to offer music fans. It was like a festival every night. I got to see and meet everybody I wanted to meet. And some I didn't. (Laughs.)

Who is the song "Caught With the Meat in Your Mouth" about?

It was a composite of experiences different band members had with women. It's not

about any one particular girl. The title comes from this girl in Boston who fell asleep while she was giving Stiv a BJ.

Groupies?

There were so many. We tended to attract stripper girls on drugs. There were constantly strange things going on with any one of us at any time.

How did Stiv's death in 1990 affect you?

It was like my blood turned to ice. He was the last person I expected to hear was dead. We knew Johnny Thunders was going to die. The only surprise was when it happened. Everyone was expecting it for years. But Stiv? He was indestructible. He was going to be around for years.

Had he lived, do you think that by now there would have been a full Dead Boys reunion?

I think that me and him would have, but I don't know if it would have been a Dead Boys reunion. Stiv and I were probably closer the week before he died than while we were in the band. We were planning on doing something together.

How do you feel about CBGB now being a high-end clothing store?

I think John Varvatos kept the vibe. Like he said, "It could have been a Bank of America." He kept one of the original walls. It's in the same condition it was. He has albums and memorabilia on it. It was nice that someone who felt reverent about the space took it over. The \$1,500 jeans? Well, you know, his clothes are great, but I don't buy them.

Tell us about the new band with Sylvain Sylvain of the New York Dolls?

It's Batusis. It's loud rock 'n' roll. It's not the Dolls. It's not the Dead Boys. Me and Syl are of the mind-set that we're going to do what we feel like doing. We don't have to sound like the Dolls or the Dead Boys. It's right in the middle. We let the songs write themselves, and it's very freeing for us at this point in our lives. If I want to make a bombastic love ballad, I can.

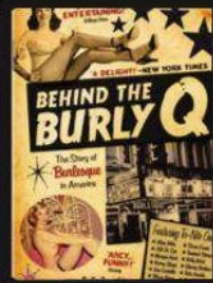
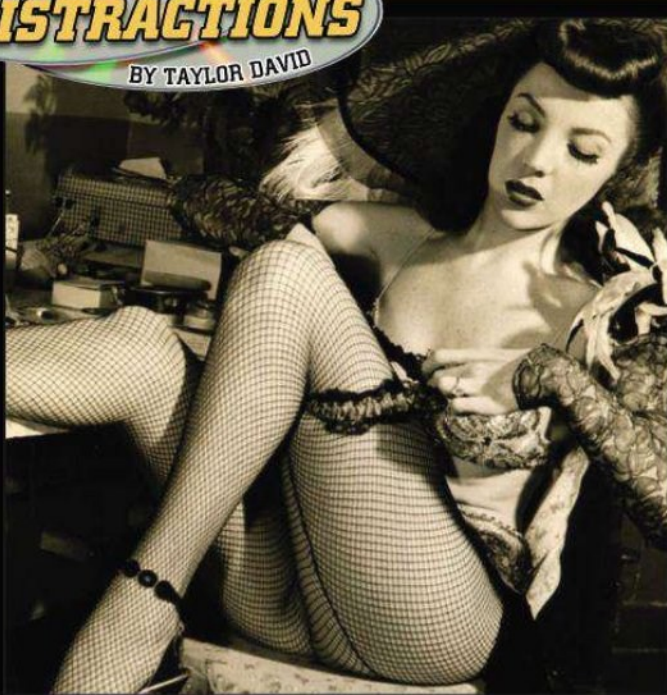
Is that something you want to do?

Not particularly. (Laughs.) But I can if I want to. ■

DVD DISTRACTIONS

BY TAYLOR DAVID

Burlesque, Horror and TV Cartoons to Help You Escape the Summer Doldrums



BEHIND THE BURLY Q

Flash back to the risqué nightclubs of the first half of the 20th century with this new DVD release from director/writer/producer Leslie Zemeckis. Once very popular (with men), burlesque shows

were highlighted by beautiful striptease artists shimmying out of elegant, sexy costumes. Now for the first time, you'll get the real story behind the provocative world of burlesque with footage of vintage boob-baring performances and exclusive interviews with the G-string divas themselves.



THE VENTURE BROS., SEASON 4, VOL. 2

Awkward moments abound in *The Venture Bros.*, Adult Swim's hilarious animated comedy-action series that chronicles scientist Dr. Venture and his boys' misadventures as they face their archenemies, intent on mayhem and revenge. New mysteries are revealed while more questions are raised in this DVD. Featuring the final eight uncensored episodes of Season 4, it's brimming with great bonus material, including commentary tracks and a spate of deleted scenes.



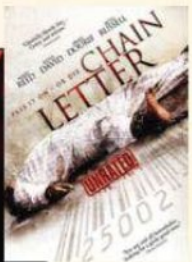
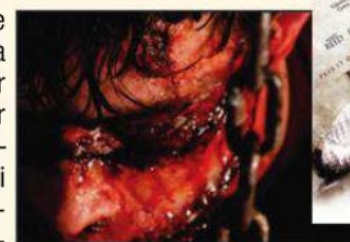
HEMINGWAY'S GARDEN OF EDEN

This adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's erotic tale stars Mena Suvari (*American Beauty*) and Jack Huston (from HBO's *Boardwalk Empire*) as 1920s newlyweds in the midst of sexual exploration. An erotically charged psychological thriller, *Garden of Eden* will keep you on the edge of your seat as it examines how the couple handles romance, obsession and adultery. Lots of nudity makes this a must-have.



CHAIN LETTER

Cyberspace is used as a tool for terror in this thriller starring *Twilight*'s Nikki Reed. Horrifically gruesome, *Chain Letter* is jam-packed with over-the-top gore, gut-wrenching special effects and, of course, the obligatory full-frontal shot. Fans of *Final Destination* and *The Grudge* are sure to enjoy this one.



THE NEXT THREE DAYS

Russell Crowe gives a solid performance as a desperate family man on a mission to spring his unjustly jailed wife (Elizabeth Banks). Meticulously crafted, with a storyline chock-full of twists and turns, this star-studded drama distinguishes itself from your average jail-break movie by keeping you gripped in suspense.





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MELISSA NASH

AGE: 48

LOCATION: Carson City, Nevada

FIND HER AT: LoveRanchXXX.net

This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

This "exhibitionist at heart" began stripping at the ripe age of 35. But after turning 46 a few years ago, the onetime medical assistant began doing "private" nude shows at none other than Dennis Hof's Love Ranch bordello. But whether it's in a public setting or a relatively intimate one, Melissa *loves* getting down to her birthday suit anytime she can.

"I've always liked being naked," the native Tennessean cheerfully admits. "I also enjoy being physically active and moving my body." Well, that fully speaks for the pole-dancing part of her life. Yet—to thicken the plot somewhat—Melissa further confesses to possessing an overactive libido as well as being multiorgasmic.

COUGARS UNLEASHED #28

"There's *nothing* like getting a great sexual workout," she enthusiastically points out, "and I'm a very playful partner. Tall lovers—men or women—definitely get me excited, but ultimately it's someone's personality that's the real turn-on."

Melissa may have been shy back in high school, but that didn't stop her from being elected captain of the track team and making the cheerleading squad. All of which explains why—when not happily entertaining at the Love Ranch—Ms. Nash delights in prowling sports stadiums. "Wrestling, hockey and football are all passions of mine, right up there with sex," she exults. "Go Tennessee Titans!"

And even though Melissa's curvaceous body is a real head-turner, this country gal is quite levelheaded about her sexual tastes. In fact, she finds being a cougar isn't all about ravishing younger fellas: "Not at all. I love men of *all* ages! For me it's all about sexual discovery. I'm into everything—mild to wild."

There you have it, guys—go crazy! Or not. Melissa's easy. 🐾

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com.



PHOTOS BY LANCE KINCAID



SCREEN NAME:
Lucy Vonne

AGE: 27

LOCATION: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

NUMBER OF FACEBOOK FRIENDS: 1,617

URL: [FACEBOOK.COM/LUCYVONNE](https://www.facebook.com/LucyVonne)

Growing up on Cape Cod, Lucy Vonne excelled in school. She made the honor roll and was captain of the cheerleading squad. Now, having left Massachusetts behind, she has a new pastime in Southern California: watching porn, interviewing the performers and pounding the keyboard of her computer.

"I love sex and writing," Lucy states matter-of-factly. "So one day I thought, *Why not combine the two?* That's when I started **SexyBlogTime.com**. And so far it's been a wild ride!"

Lucy's not kidding! During her day job she's more than a salesperson for a sex toy and DVD company; the nude-modeling aficionada gets to actually test all of the dandy doohickeys herself! Consequently, when she's not writing, Lucy is immersed in dildos, vibrators and anal beads. Call it quality *ass-urance*.

And—would you believe?—being a sex blogger has other perks. "Well, I always wanted to sleep with a male porn star," Lucy admits with a wicked smirk. "Now I can definitely check *that* one off my list!"

Ms. Vonne also confesses to having a soft spot for tall guys with well-defined arms and shoulders. Still, mutual chemistry and good first impressions are prerequisites when it comes to actually bedding down with the shapely vixen.

"I need that instant attraction," Lucy reveals. "If it's not there, it just doesn't happen. And when it does happen, I have a huge sexual appetite. I mean, I need a guy who can devour me until I can't walk. Spank me, slap me, pull my hair, bite my inner thighs while going down on me! And big kudos to you if you can make me squirt!"

Wow! Lucy, you're *our* kind of Facebook Girl. Stay as sweet, wet and sticky as you are. 🍷

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to Hustler@LFP.com.



THE GIRLS OF FACEBOOK



PHOTOS BY ANTHONY RANDALL



HATE SPEECH IS FREE SPEECH

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO
SATIRIST FIRES BACK AT ACCUSATIONS OF RACISM.

Prologue: In our March '11 *College Report*, titled "Prejudice Over Pride," UCSD student Yelena Akopian broached a controversial subject. A UCSD frat party called the "Compton Cookout" caused a media firestorm after guests were encouraged to dress like "ghetto chicks" who "usually have gold teeth, start fights and drama, and wear cheap clothes." Racial tensions reached a boiling point when Kris Gregorian—editor in chief of the *Koala*, the university's "notoriously offensive and crude comedy newspaper"—went on air during a broadcast of *Koala TV* and called critics of the party "ungrateful niggers." Gregorian explains his side of the story.

These days there are lots of reasons to be mad, but me? I've been fucking *lied to*. Really, we've all been lied to about a lot of things. Take for example, doctors. Yeah, fuck doctors! When I was little, I was so goddamned excited by the idea of growing up to be a doctor, I would've given up anything. If you had the misconceptions about being a doctor I had (which I'm convinced were part of a conspiracy by the American Medical Association), you would've given up anything too. Hell, if being a doctor was *actually* about shoving your grubby little fingers in Molly Pendergrast's hairless twat near the monkey bars, there would be only one job in the United States: doctorin'.

No, that's not the lie I'm talking about. I'm talking about the one where some assfuck led me to believe college was going to be full of forward-thinking, free-spirited neophytes just waiting to soak up knowledge and get naked and make bad decisions with their genitals. Okay, that last part is kind of true, but the first part is about as close as the shave on my balls, which—according to the rash on the chin of the last girl I got with—isn't that close.

For whatever reason, college administrators started letting in some kind of cross between your hippie, first-grade teacher who never wore shoes or shaved her armpits and your grandma, but minus all the baked goods when you come over stoned. Under the guise of some bullshit agenda called "multiculturalism," these ethnofacists have repealed (or tried to repeal) every awesome thing about college. Martin Luther King Day ghetto parties? Insen-

sitive! Jell-O wrestling? Sexist! Cinco de Mayo donkey show? Animal cruelty! What's worse, they need but say the magic phrase to justify their supposed real pain: "hate speech."

You see, I have a pretty fun job at UC Socially Dead. Despite being situated in San Diego, a prime location for hot girls, UCSD is dweeb central. To make matters worse, we have an administration made up of, well, what every school's administration is made up of: stodgy, old coots with weak bowels and even weaker constitutions. My job here at UCSD is to run the vilest, most hateful shitrag, hopefully, in the world—the *Koala*. [Editor's Note: *The publication is partially financed by UCSD's student government.*]

It's not that I'm prejudiced; it just happens that I hate stupid people, Republicans, Democrats, people who believe in God, people who think wine in a box/bag is trashy, vegetarians and people who mouth out the words when they read. The *Koala* ends up being the right kind of outlet for my disdainful vitriol, and needless to say, little Molly Pendergrast might douche a little extra if she knew what kind of a pervert she made me into.

Does that make me a proprietor of hate speech? Maybe. Does it matter? Fuck no! I mean, the Supreme Court ruled *unanimously* that hate speech is specifically protected by the First Amendment in *Brandenburg v. Ohio*. Ironically, four buildings at UCSD are named after justices who sat on that court, but this was entirely lost on the angry mobs that have been trying to "shut down" the *Koala* since it started in 1982. Obviously, they've failed, but not for lack of trying.

Back in 2002 the *Koala* published a thematic issue titled "Jizzlam: A Magazine for the Modern Muslim Man," much to the chagrin of administrators and adherents of Allah alike. E-mails leaked to the *Koala* (damn that pesky Reply-All button!) made it clear that administrators were colluding with students to "physically confront" members of the paper and "give them a taste of their own medicine."

Later, in 2010, the metaphorical fire set by the now-infamous "Compton Cookout"—a pretty harmless frat party during Black History Month that made fun of some dated stereotypes—had some gasoline poured on it by yours truly when I got blacked-out drunk (inci-

dentally, on boxed wine) and dropped an N-bomb on our campus closed-circuit television. The same station ran a homemade porn video, which was covered in a September 2005 *College Report*, "XXX Videography 101."

To make a broader point, let's have a little thought experiment. Let's imagine I called you up and said, "Hey Tom/Dick/Harry, I've got this party, and I've made fried chicken and bought some 40s of that swill we all love (Old English), and all the women I've invited have been instructed to leave their morals at home and act even dumber than they actually are. You game?" Let's wait for your instaboner to subside. Would you go? Obviously. Are you a racist? Probably not, but that's not the point.

The point is it's not my fault that African-American culture has a corner on the market for all the cool shit to do at parties. Do you see anyone having mow-the-fucking-lawn-and-eat-expensive-sandwiches-and-try-to-learn-a-second-language parties? No, because the shit white people do is B-O-R-I-N-G. So I used some colorful language to refer to the supposedly injured party. The minority team declared a state of fucking *emergency* over a goddamned party.

Somehow all of the sex-hound, free-thinking coeds I was supposed to be going to school with forgot something pretty damn important: Sticks and stones will break my bones, but words will never hurt me.

To make matters even worse, our aforementioned stodgy, old-coot administrators—who are about as useful as a bag of dicks—instantly freaked out. They sent e-mails to every single student and professor "condemning" the "Compton Cookout." Really? Condemning? I mean, what's telling is what they *don't* condemn. Hey, last night I fucked a girl who, to the best of my knowledge, is retarded. What? That's not condemned? I guess it's all right then.

Excuse me while I go find the nearest special-needs center. I've got some future retarded doctors to recruit.

Kris Gregorian, "editor in queef" of UCSD's satirical newspaper the *Koala*, says he was "born at a very young age in Los Angeles and is studying keg stands, computational cognitive science and recreational hate." In his spare time he "rapes the eyes and ears of UCSD students with my comedy phallus."

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at Features@LFP.com. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé. 🍑

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 139 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

BROOKE

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, LAS VEGAS

Relocating to Las Vegas was a shell shock for this native of unassuming Grand Rapids, Michigan. Before being exposed to Sin City's glitz and glamour, Brooke was a shy and withdrawn high school student who never raised her hand in class. "I didn't even go to the prom," recalls the 25-year-old, who has triumphantly emerged from her shell—and not merely by baring her 5-foot-8 anatomy in HUSTLER.

"I absolutely love living in Las Vegas!" exclaims the scholastic sweetie, whose old hometown is known as Furniture City. "Every chance I get, I play no-limit poker. I'm also really into house [electronic dance] music, and I even started DJing recently."

Despite sowing her wild oats, Brooke hasn't haphazardly neglected her studies. After earning a B.S. degree in kinesiology, she promptly enrolled at UNLV's School of Nursing.

In keeping with her respect for education, Brooke is far from superficial when it comes to finding Mr. Right. "Looks fade," she frankly explains. "My ideal man has to be genuine, honest and possess a great sense of humor."

No longer a bashful wallflower or the butt of jokes, Brooke confides, "I'm especially far from shy when it comes to sex. If anything, I'm extremely adventurous. I'll fuck just about anywhere! Sure, doing it in the shower can be a turn-on, but having sex in a public place is simply exciting. In fact, I once did it on top of a bar. Actually, most of my sexual fantasies involve threesomes. To me, there's nothing hotter." 🍆

PHOTOS BY BILL CHEVALIER





"Stop yelling, Ed. You'll have a stroke! Glenn Beck can't hear you!"



"The crime rate in Washington, D.C., skyrocketed today when Congress was included."

(continued from page 73)

Gerald Ford, then took a hard turn to the right on foreign policy and elevated to prominent roles three individuals who would later become household names: George H.W. Bush, Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld.

Amazingly, despite the overwhelming public sense that Nixon was somehow "behind" the scandals collectively referred to as Watergate, virtually no evidence ever emerged of Nixon's involvement or prior knowledge, besides agreeing to bad advice on how to handle the affair once it became public through leaks via Woodward and others. Meanwhile, the collection of individuals whose "inside" testimony helped sink Nixon had, like Woodward, a history with military or civilian intelligence operations.

So let's summarize: Young Bob Woodward, Naval intelligence officer, gets sent to work in the Nixon White House while still on military duty. Then, with no journalistic credentials to speak of and with a boost from White House staffers, he lands a job at the *Washington Post*. Not long thereafter he starts to take down Richard Nixon. Meanwhile, inside the White House, Woodward's military bosses are running a spy ring that is monitoring Nixon and Kissinger's secret negotiations with America's enemies (China, the Soviet Union, etc.), stealing documents and funneling them back to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. They are then leaked to columnist Jack Anderson and others in the press.

That portrait clashes, of course, with the iconic Woodward of legend—so it takes awhile for this notion to settle in the mind. But there's more. Did you know there was really no "Deep Throat," that the W. Mark Felt story was conjured up as yet another layer of cover in what became a daisy chain of disinformation? Did you know that Richard Nixon was loathed and feared by the military brass, that they and their allies were desperate to get him out and halt his rapprochement with the Communists? Or that a bunch of operatives with direct or indirect CIA/military connections—from E. Howard Hunt to Alexander Butterfield to John Dean—wormed their way into key White House posts and started up the Keystone Kops operations that would be laid at Nixon's Oval Office door? Or that it was the CIA-connected Butterfield, for example, who revealed the secret Oval Office audio taping system whose carefully selected and artfully presented excerpts cooked Nixon's goose?

If you want to learn more, *Family of Secrets* has several chapters on the real Watergate story. Other sources that have put pieces of this puzzle together include the previously mentioned Colodny and Gettlin, as well as James Rosen (*The Strong Man: John Mitchell and the Secrets of Watergate*) and Jim Hougan (*Secret Agenda: Watergate, Deep Throat and the CIA*).

Russ Baker is an award-winning investigative reporter and founder and editor of the news site **WhoWhatWhy.com**. He has written for the *New Yorker*, *Vanity Fair*, the *Nation*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Village Voice* and *Esquire*. Some of this material is excerpted from Baker's book *Family of Secrets*. For more on Baker's work, visit **FamilyOfSecrets.com** and **RussBaker.com**.



**REVEALING
HERSELF**

DOMINIKA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Dominika likes to keep her cards close to her vest, and she's not one for divulging every detail of her erotic life. "I guess I'm pretty modest," she explains. "I definitely have sexual fantasies, but I don't think they're anything I'd like to share. It's better to keep your fantasies a secret."

However, Dominika has no qualms about disclosing other passions: "I love to travel. I grew up in a small town, and someday I'd like to see the whole world. But I'm also happy with a quiet night at home. I'm content with a nice glass of wine, hanging out with good people somewhere with a cool atmosphere."

What else excites her? "I'm into riding horses," Dominika reveals, "and I cherish hot summer nights. It might seem strange for a Czech girl, but my favorite cuisine would be either Mexican or Italian food. When it comes to music, I'll listen to anything, and my favorite movie is *Lord of the Rings*."

Is there anything else we should know? "I think you already know too much," Dominika says with a laugh. "Okay, I'll tell you another tidbit. There are only two things in the whole world that scare me: spiders and solitude."

When seeking companionship, Dominika sticks to her guns: "I'll tell you what turns me off first, and that's dishonest people. Liars really disappoint me. I like when a guy can be himself, no matter where he is and who he's with."

While we can't do much to assuage her fears on the arachnid front, we feel confident that the lovely Dominika will never have a shortage of dudes willing to keep her company.









DOMINIKA'S VITAL FACTS:

HOMETOWN: Bechyne, Czech Republic | AGE: 18 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 123







Andy San Dimas and Asia Zo (below) scandalize the *Simpsons*.



Simpsons: The XXX Parody—Marge & Homer's Sex Tape!

LFP VIDEO. DIRECTOR: LEE ROY MYERS. STARRING: ANDY SAN DIMAS, BRIANA BLAIR, ASIA ZO, EVAN STONE, JAMES DEEN, ANTHONY ROSANO, JOSH THOMAS & EDDIE ADAMS.



This is the steamiest *Simpsons* episode since Marge and Homer spiced up their marriage at the mini-golf range. In this too-hot-for-TV installment, Homer finally sells his sex tape of Marge to Larry Flynt's people for a doughnut. (Vivid offered cash. Doh!) Just as we all suspected, Marge (embodied by Andy San Dimas) is a horny firecracker who knows how to let her towering hair down. Her scenes are all POV (Homer's the cameraman) and packed with plenty of raspy panting and undulating day-glo flesh. That's weird enough, but Moe's dirty date with cute Asia Zo (who really looks like a cartoon) should be sent back in time to confuse people who never heard of the *Simpsons*. Evan Stone does a suitably wooden cameo as McBain, but—in the name of decency—Marge and Homer's famous kids are nowhere to be seen. Get this movie before those yellow-skin fetishists (a/k/a Matt Groening and his people) snap up all the copies. Seriously, this is a pop artifact that will make you question your sanity as you whack off. (Nothing new, right?).

—M.J.

Andy San Dimas and Kristina Rose (below left) show **Superman** how to save the world.



Superman XXX: A Porn Parody

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** ANDY SAN DIMAS, ALEXIS TEXAS, ZOE VOSS, LEXI BELLE, KRISTINA ROSE, RYAN DRILLER, ERIC MASTERSON, BEN ENGLISH, JAMES DEEN, ALEC KNIGHT, DICK CHIBBLES & EVAN STONE.



These days truth and justice are in short supply, so thank porn for the American Way! This might be a *Superman* parody, but never fear: The focus is on any heroine who can leap a tall dick in a single bound. Lexi Belle, whose mile-high horniness nearly brings down a plane, leads the pussy parade, followed closely by Kristina Rose as the *Daily Planet's* deep-throat (and very anal) intern. No kryptonite in this cast! The star power continues with Alexis Texas as the comely Miss Teschmacher and Andy San Dimas, whose turn as Lois Lane finally helps us get over Margot Kidder (thanks to a creepy forced-sex scene with Zod's evil trio). In the obligatory Superman climax, Lois gets the inside scoop on why he's called The Man of Steel. As porn parodies go, this one's above average, with moments of near-comedy and a good try at capturing those cheesy late-'70s costumes and special effects. Tired of bending steel? This disc will give your bare hands something else to do.

—M.J.



Mindfuck: Nyomi Banxxx, Jada Fire and Melody Nakai are **Obsessed**.



Fatally Obsessed

WEST COAST PRODUCTIONS/AFTERDARK PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** BISHOP. **STARRING:** NYOMI BANXXX, JADA FIRE, SKYY BLACK, MELODY NAKAI, ARYANA STARR, PRINCE YAHSHUA, ROCK THE ICON, RICO STRONG & NAT TURNER.



Director Bishop follows his black-cast porn thriller *Ransom* with this fleshy redo of the Beyoncé flick *Obsessed*. (Also worth seeing, by the way.) Jada Fire sparks *Fatally Obsessed* with a fun, drunken fuck, followed by Melody Nakai in a locker-room pounding. But that's all just warmup. The real reason to slide this one in is jaw dropper Nyomi Banxxx as the obsessive Alicia Fox, who nails dialogue and anal deep-dicking with equal proficiency. A retired football player makes the understandable mistake of banging her brains out, then moves on to the next hot booty without calling Alicia back. Bad move, player! Nyomi's unhinged moments are B-movie gold: You can fuck her, but don't fuck *with* her. (No disrespect, Beyoncé, but Ms. Banxxx could kick your ass.) Seedy and stocked with luscious brown flesh, *Fatally Obsessed* is another solid effort from Bishop, whose leading lady's star power fires on all cylinders. If grown-ass bombshells (with a dominant edge) are your thing, stalk this movie.

—M.J.



Six Million Dollar chicks: Bree Olson and Aubrey Addams get their money's worth.



Not Bionic Woman & The Six Million Dollar Man XXX

X-PLAY. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: BREE OLSON, AUBREY ADDAMS, DANICA DILLON, KIM KENNEDY, VICTORIA WHITE, DALE DABONE, ERIC SWISS, JACK LAWRENCE, CHAD DIAMOND, MIKE HORNER & ROCCO REED.



It looks like Bree Olson hit the gym for this one, but don't worry; she's still one of the biz's best jigglers. Lending her all-American-girl image to a role that was on TV before she was born, Bree plunges into it with loads of attitude and physical stamina. Slo-mo running was never bouncier. The supporting girls are cute (especially Danica Dillon), but their scenes are filler compared with Bree's. She and horny ex-husband Steve Austin, who sit on couches and bicker whenever they're not fucking (on couches), team up to battle bad Russkis. Remember the Cold War? Slo-mo jumping and styrofoam rock-throwing ensue. The sex is standard—shouldn't it be more bionically awesome?—but the script and acting are goofy enough to keep spirits up. Watch *Not Bionic Woman & The Six Million Dollar Man XXX* while you're on the treadmill. You'll never be bionic, but you could probably use the exercise. —M.J.

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Summer Silver and Eden Adams stay up late in ***Barely Legal All Girl Slumber Party #2***.

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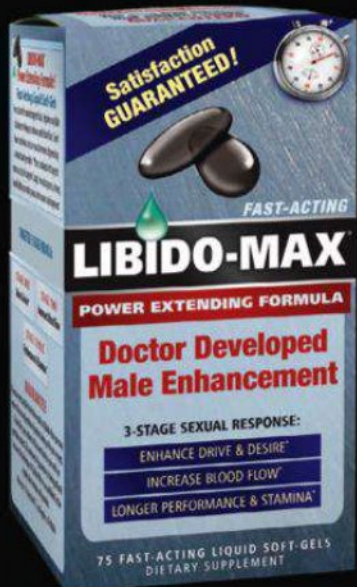


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—*Craig Modderno*

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Bridgette B. and Bella Moretti help Oprah (Misty Stone) binge.



HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Oprah

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: MISTY STONE, BELLA MORETTI, DYLAN RYDER, SAMANTHA SAINT, BRIDGETTE B., AUBREY CARRAMS, JACK LAWRENCE, BRUCE VENTURE, CHRIS STOKES, CARLO CARRERA, CHAD DIAMOND & JAMES BARTHOLET.



Oprah never looked this good! In fact, the lithe and lovely Misty Stone is such a charmer, you might have trouble indulging your robust Oprah fantasy (at least until the fat-suit finale). Misty is also one of the few porn actresses who can deliver a line with gusto, so she does a decent job as the loudmouth TV maven. The bisexual threeway with Misty and Bella Moretti (as Oprah's gal pal Gayle) gets our vote for "Favorite Thing," but there's plenty of white comfort food in Oprah's pig-out buffet too, namely Spanish bombshell Bridgette B. (short for bazongas?) and Samantha Saint as a much-better-looking Maria Shriver. Like Oprah, Misty is the alpha female in any situation, so it's a treat to see that long tongue lap up the perks of her profession in the climactic blow-bang. If you're a closet Oprah addict, and we know there are plenty of you out there (we're looking at you, Mr. President), you need to get this. Turn to page 140 to order.

—M.J.



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American dream:
Wonder women
Tori Black and
Gracie Glam stamp
out injustice.



Wonder Woman XXX

HARDCORE PARODY/MILE HIGH MEDIA. DIRECTOR: ASHLYNN BROOKE. **STARRING:** TORI BLACK, CAROLYN REESE, DIAMOND FOXXX, GRACIE GLAM, BILL BAILEY, RALPH LONG, MIKEY BUTDERS & ANTHONY ROSANO.



Tori Black as Wonder Woman. That pretty much sells it right there, doesn't it? The clunky plot has something to do with a porn-obsessed Iraqi terrorist landing on the superheroine's secret island and trying to penetrate American security. It's hokey jingoism, but who cares? Whatever it takes to get Tori's titties out, right? That unfortunately takes forever to happen, but there's plenty of all-American girl flesh to drool over while you wait. Just when you think you're watching the wrong movie, Tori finally slaps on the star-spangled panties. If you're a true-blue WWE devotee, you'll yell at the screen: "Hey, where's the Lasso of Truth? Sacrilege!" Tori manages to make up for that with the kind of superpowers that really matter, at least in a porn flick. (Wait, wasn't Wonder Woman supposed to be a feminist icon?) This spoof isn't as funny as it thinks it is, but neither are you. So suck it up, salute Tori's patriotic crotch and let the fireworks fly!

M.J.





NOTMIASHIX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY X-PLAY / LFP VIDEO

M*A*S*H

began its life on celluloid as a brilliant wartime satire directed by Robert Altman. The film was then reinvented as a wildly popular television show. Now this classic tale of doctors under duress has been given another reboot. Its latest, sexiest incarnation was produced by your friends at X-Play, so expect the stars to spend less time in the operating room and more time fucking in their tents.

The original TV series, which revolved around the antics of a mobile surgical team during the Korean War, dominated the airwaves from 1972 to 1983. Heading the ensemble cast was Alan Alda, who portrayed Hawkeye Pierce.

The *Not MASH XXX* parody welcomes Hawkeye (**ERIC SWISS**) back into the fold, but let's be honest, this version is all about the nurses: (**CHANEL PRESTON**, **KRISSY LYNN**, **ALEXA JAYMES**, **BAILEY BROOKS** and **BRIANA BLAIR**). Therefore, Hawkeye, McIntyre and Radar each have an opportunity to get more intimately acquainted with the 4077's finest. Even Colonel Blake's slutty housekeeper (**MIKO SINZ**) gets in on the action. Sure, the boob tube series was groundbreaking and award-winning, but it never generated an episode as sizzling hot as *Not MASH XXX*!















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from LFP Video. Visit
HustlerHollywood.com.

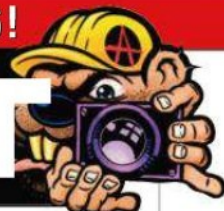




"This doll can't compare to you though, sweetie. She's tight, always willing and doesn't bitch!"

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT



EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN



CHRISTINA SKYE



July is a special month at HUSTLER. The first edition of Larry Flynt's flagship mag was dated July 1974, *Beaver Hunt* debuted in the July '76 issue, and one of its tallest and most uninhibited participants was born in July '78. Detroit's Christina Skye stands almost 5-foot-11, and there's little she doesn't stand for. "I'm open-minded, outspoken, adventurous, kindhearted and *extremely* friendly," asserts the statuesque Web mistress (ChristinaSkyeXXX.com) and thrill-seeker, whose fave clothes-optional joyrides are via jet ski or four-wheeler. "Sexually I'm naughty, wild, kinda crazy and totally bi," Christina continues. "I'm into spur-of-the-moment seductions, but nothing kicks me into overdrive like 69ing with a thumb in my butt." By the way, Christina may be from Michigan, but mish doesn't cut it: "I love doggy-style and woman on top." Those confessions sound like the blueprint for a porn career, the dream of many newbies—including Ms. Skye. That's why we've given the 2008 Beaver a curtain call to commemorate a July candle-blower and a suck-cess story. Since we saw her last, she now has *Big Dick Gloryholes #5*, *Blowjob Face*, *My Wife's Hot Friend #8* and other XXX vids under her belt. But that's not all. "I'll be naked in the new *Harold & Kumar* movie," Christina announces, "and I'm taping a pilot for a reality show about me called *I Am Dating a Porn Star*." Christina, happy birthday and congrats! —Photos by Friend





"I've been called a trailer-trash chick. Could be 'cause I love getting stuffed by double-wide dicks."

SHELL

This "best damn mom in the world" resides in Sadsbury Township, Pennsylvania, and has sure come out of *her* shell. "I'm up for showing off my little bad parts," pipes Shell, 28, a fancier of "basketball, pornos, threesomes and foursomes." Also a self-proclaimed "patriot who loves America and never gives up," the 5-foot-2 newcomer is tailor-made for our July showcase. Embodying Larry Flynt's adage "Think Pink," Shell is a dandy splaytriot and, from what she discloses, "energetic in bed." —Photos by Friend

"My fantasy is to be fucked on the hood of a car in the rain."



ATHENA LOVELESS

Since HUSTLER was born in Ohio, we now unveil an outstanding Buckeye Stater. "The nude female body is a universally recognized symbol of sexual expression," reckons Athena Loveless, 20, a pet-care specialist out of Cleveland. "By posing nude in your magazine, I've become a vessel for that sexual expression. Also, I'm very giving, caring and compassionate. The thought that I could possibly help someone orgasm by viewing my pictures is absolutely awesome. For me personally, masturbating in the shower is a wonderful way to start the day." Athena paints the full picture: "I'm an outgoing, artsy, ambitious, strong-willed and down-to-earth dreamer. All of those fine things come with being a Scorpio chick. I love to watch movies and read. Some of my favorite TV shows are *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation*, *Family Guy* and *Intervention*. My favorite bands are Ludacris, Skindred and System of a Down, and I'm also into Ciara and Lady Gaga. And I love sushi, Dave's Cosmic Subs, popcorn and peanuts." Getting hungry for more? "But most of all," the 5-foot-6 neophyte avows, "I love to blow glass. I've gone to art school for it and have made my own glass toys. I get to use my mouth, which helps a lot with my terrible oral fixation. Yes, I love to give head, making my partner squirm and moan. I am bisexual, adventurous and a squirter, but I'm not much into butch

women. Deep down I long to be man-handled. For great orgasms, anal rocks! I also like being tied up and dressing up. I have an asphyxiophilia fetish as well." For further derring-do, Athena recalls, "I once had sex in my backyard while my new neighbors were moving in." Here's the goddess in a nutshell: "I always strive to make the other person happy at any cost, so one of my fantasies is playing out a lover's dirtiest secret desires."

—Photos by Friend



"People who say they don't masturbate are either liars or very sad, sad souls."





MERCEDES, KAYLA & EVE



HUSTLER helped popularize a synonym for *pussy*. Now we present three popular amateurs eagerly hunting for that moist, cozy crevice that lies between a woman's legs.

As an anniversary treat, we've laid out a horny-Hawaiians tripleheader. (Pun intended!) Born just six days apart in July 1985, *Beaver Hunt* alumnae Mercedes and Eve have their way with "wild and rambunctious" Kayla, 28, who admits, "I'm usually very submissive, and I love being eaten out." Bi babe Mercedes chips in, "With girls I love kissing, scratching, pulling hair and spanking their bare bottoms." As for gloves-sporting Eve, she's had "hot sex with a dude behind a church." Here the "kinky" switch-hitter can joyously worship Kayla from in front, behind and underneath. Bravo, ladies! —Photos by Friend





This trio's down-and-dirty tryst has assumed a lofty perch in the annals of *Beaver Hunt*.





"If I have to wear something, it usually doesn't hide too much."



MORIANNA

"I get off taking naked pictures for Larry Flynt and all his readers," trumpets Morianna Morgue, 24, a "freaky nympho hippie" from Bloomington, Indiana. Since sending us her first batch, she's become a leg-spreading legacy. In July '07 the 5-foot-4 Insane Clown Posse, Ween, Pink Floyd, *GTA*, cocksucking, bondage and anal sex devotee poured a can of Faygo soda over her bare bod as an anniversary toast. Now our fave Juggalette, scream queen—thanks to "dying horribly in an awesome way" in the horror movie *Lethal Obsession*—and pizzeria order-taker returns to expose her newly vajazzled vagina. "Fucking myself with a whiskey bottle was a salute to HUSTLER," Mori toots. "It's an anything-goes magazine, and I'm an anything-goes Wiccan. Happy birthday, HUSTLER!" —Photos by Friend



BECKI



Originally from the Bahamas, this lifeguard now holes up in Las Vegas, where she can only stand watch at swimming pools. But sans whistle and swimsuit, Becki truly relishes being observed in her favorite mag. "HUSTLER is raw and hip," declares the 5-foot-6 thirtysomething, who merited an encore thanks to reader loyalty, a killer bod and oh-so-rare bush. Laying her cards on the table, Becki muses, "My fantasy man is into fitness just as much as I am. I work out all the time. I hope to meet an athletic dude whose pecs, biceps and *everything* is swollen. I want him to make me feel like a princess and bring out the best in me, including all the nastiness! He has to be a dominant man who'll take charge in the bedroom, but outside he's calm, cool and can keep it real. I don't need whips, handcuffs or chains. Full control is in the mind. If a man can achieve that, he's gonna get *his* fantasies fulfilled." Wrapping things up like a Sin City denizen, the faithful *Cheaters*, *Oprah* and *Dr. Phil* viewer quips, "I love hard salami on rye and deep in my hot pussy." —Photos by Friend

"When I meet the right guy—preferably an athletic gentleman over 40—he'll find out soon enough what I can do with my long tongue and hot pussy!"



MISS ANTHROPY

Back in July 1976 our very first Beaver hailed from Aspen, Colorado, so we're anchoring this milestone roundup with another Rocky Mountain Stater. "I love my body and being photographed," raves Miss Anthropy, 28, a Boulder bookkeeper. "I've had sex in my car on the side of a busy road and would be naked all the time if I could be. I'm also a fan of HUSTLER, and I think Larry Flynt is amazing." Miss Anthropy is amazing too: "I'm loyal, caring, intelligent, bubbly, sassy and generally fun to be around. I have an intriguing personality that appeals particularly to older men, and I'm pretty petite, which appeals to lots of men." Getting bolder, the 5-foot-1 Virgo adds, "I am bisexual and usually very dominant. I would describe my sex as wet, hard, balls-to-the-wall and perfected. I am up for *anything*, especially anal. I'm also very limber." And "an MTV whore" to boot! "I'll literally watch the same MTV shows over and over again," explains Miss Anthropy, whose other avid interests include "doing my part to help clean up the planet," playing pool, getting tattoos, hip-hop and networking. "I've met the majority of my boyfriends online," she admits. Miss Anthropy has a sweet tooth—"I love anything with sugar!"—and a meaty fantasy: "I want a sexy black man fucking me in my car and pulling my hair until I come all over his dick." —Photos by Tattoo Titan Brian Johnson

"I love anal sex. I actually got fucked in the ass before losing my virginity."



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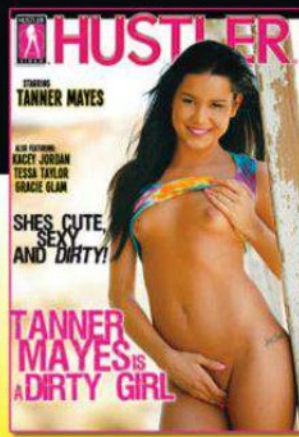


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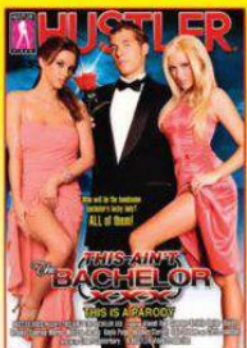
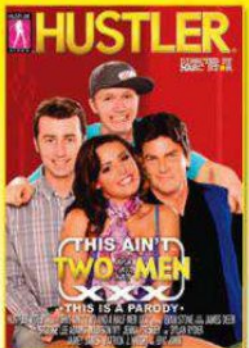
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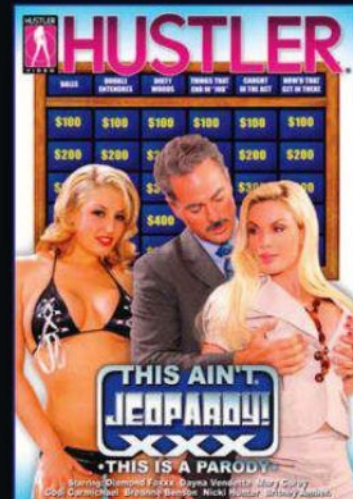
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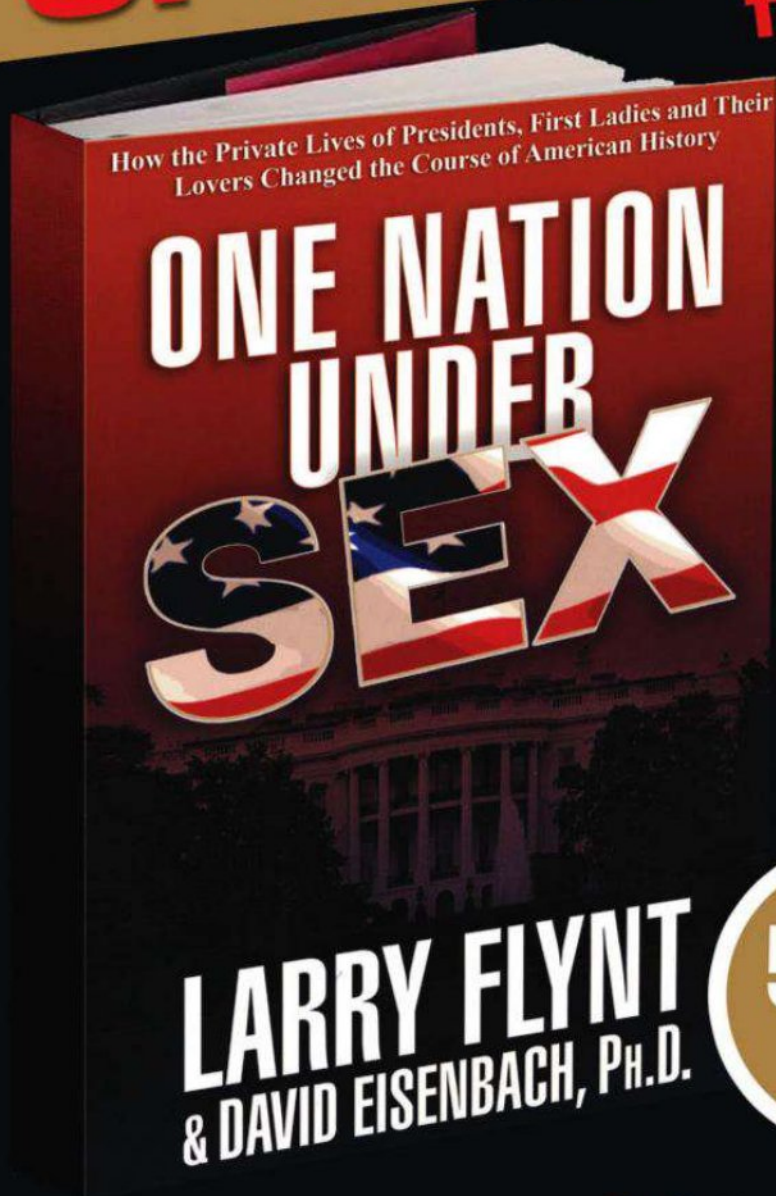
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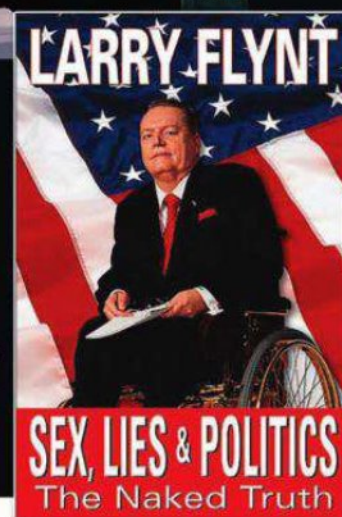


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PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES



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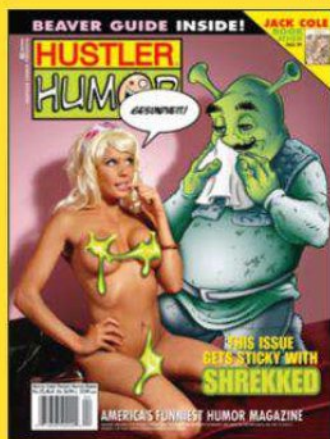
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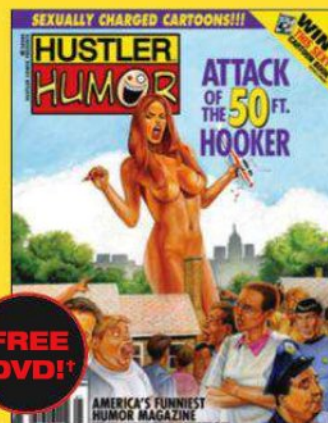
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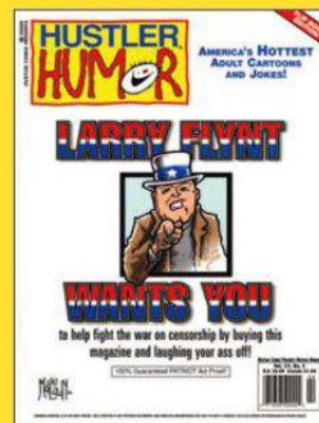
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COMING NEXT



PORN STAR SCARLETT FAY: OVERCOMING THE ODDS

Lots of people have terrifying childhoods, but Scarlett Fay's takes the cake. Her mother was once a self-destructive schizophrenic who made life at home a living hell. Now Scarlett is a "happy" XXX actress with weighty responsibilities. As writer M. Allen Nathan learns during a day with HUSTLER Video's Lindsay Lohan look-alike, Scarlett is the most caring daughter a parent in need could ever have.

TICHINA ARNOLD: HILARIOUS LADY GETS DEADLY SERIOUS

Although best known for her sitcom stints in *Martin* and *Everybody Hates Chris*, Tichina Arnold can elicit more than laughs. The actress's credits are now topped by the film *Hope & Redemption: The Lena Baker Story*, in which she portrays a southern woman unjustly sent to the electric chair. Interviewed by HUSTLER's Keith Valcourt, Arnold discusses that breakthrough role and also recalls working with funnymen Martin Lawrence and Chris Rock.



SECRET IRANIAN SEX PARTIES

"I saw a girl being slowly kissed by three guys while she performed oral sex on another as a fifth guy fucked her doggy-style." A scene from an American porn flick? No, they're the words of Roxana Shirazi (author of *The Last Living Slut: Born in Iran, Bred Backstage*), who attended several orgies during a return to her homeland. See for yourself how daring Iranians—despite risking imprisonment, torture and even death—are saying "Fuck you!" to their country's strict code of morality.

DELICIOUS EYE CANDY

Andrew Einhorn, creator of the ultrapopular cable show *Naked Happy Girls*, has a knack for getting fresh new faces (not angry strippers and overexposed porn stars) to model nude. So you're really in for a treat as we showcase the shutterbug's book *Naked Coast to Coast*, which boasts au naturel gals galore amid landmarks like the Statue of Liberty and San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge.



AMERICA'S E-VOTING FIASCO

Investigative reporter Brad Friedman offers solid proof that Internet voting systems facilitate election fraud because they are vulnerable to undetected manipulation from outside hackers and corrupt programmers. In addition, Bob Fittrakis and Harvey Wasserman spell out how the GOP is gearing up to steal the White House in 2012 by tampering with swing state Ohio's electronic voting software. Find out why electoral reform is essential to saving our democracy.

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